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EVENTS OF THE WEEK

THE bulletins recording the course of the King's illness are still being read daily with painful anxiety and with widespread sympathy for those whose interest in his Majesty's progress is of a more intimate and personal character. The hurried return of the Prince of Wales and Duke of Gloucester from East Africa had been generally anticipated; indeed, the Prince will be wanted at home, for the recovery from pleurisy must, at best, be a slow business, and advantage was taken of a slight improvement in the King's condition to obtain an Order in Council appointing the Queen, the Prince of Wales, the Duke of York, the newly enthroned Archbishop of Canterbury, the Lord Chancellor, and the Premier, as Counsellors of State, for summoning the Privy Council, and the transaction of other official business on his Majesty's behalf. The list of Counsellors is in itself a reminder of the peculiar part played by the Crown in the complex fabric of British institutions—legal, political, and ecclesiastical; but the messages of sympathy that continue to pour in from all over the world are a tribute to the present holder of the office, as well as to the importance of the office itself.

We are sorry to see that Sir Austen Chamberlain's answer to a question in the House of Commons regarding Rhineland evacuation has had a very bad Press in Germany. Sir Austen was questioned as to the legal position, and, in stating the legal position fairly and accurately, he was careful to emphasize the distinction between the question of law and the question of policy.

Probably this was not made clear in the report which reached Germany. As to the legal issue, Article 428 of the Versailles Treaty, which gives the Allies the right to occupy some part of the Rhineland as security for the fulfilment of the Treaty, has never been abrogated or modified. Article 429 provides that "if the conditions of the present Treaty are faithfully carried out by Germany" the occupation will be restricted in three stages. This provision is, of course, being put into effect at the appointed intervals. The contention that Germany is legally entitled to complete evacuation forthwith is based, however, on Article 431, which provides that:—

"If before the expiration of the period of fifteen years Germany complies with all the undertakings resulting from the present Treaty, the occupying forces will be withdrawn immediately."

Reading this Article in conjunction with Article 429, it is impossible to avoid Sir Austen's conclusion that it could only take effect when Germany has discharged the whole of her reparations obligations. So much for the legal position.

As to the question of policy, Sir Austen went on to say that the Government would welcome an early evacuation of the Rhineland by the French, British, and Belgian forces, "irrespective of the legal right of the ex-Allied Governments to continue their occupation." He might, perhaps, have gone further, and said that the retention of an army of occupation in the Rhineland is a clear breach of the spirit of the Locarno understanding. In our judgment, early evacuation should be a cardinal object of British foreign policy,

for no other practicable step could contribute so much to the peace and security of Europe. It is possible that Sir Austen is not sufficiently alive to the importance of this aim, but it will not help towards its attainment to blame him for stating the legal position when asked to do so, nor is it wise to confuse the political issue by a strained interpretation of the Versailles Treaty.

* * *

President Coolidge, in his Message to Congress this week, has invited the Senate to pass the Cruiser Bill, "with the elimination of the time clause." If this suggestion were adopted, it would undoubtedly take the sting out of the American building programme, which, it must be remembered, has already been drastically cut down in the House of Representatives. The Bill, as it now stands, provides for the laying down of five 10,000-ton cruisers in 1929, five more in 1930, and five more in 1931. The elimination of the time clause would, as the President implies, convert this programme into one "for necessary replacements." It is, of course, extremely doubtful whether Congress will take the President's hint. Advice from the Administration is seldom well received by the American legislature. But the fact that Mr. Coolidge has made the suggestion should have, in itself, a calming influence on naval disputants on both sides of the Atlantic. The President wishes to avoid the appearance of competitive or provocative building, and he has devised an admirable formula for that purpose.

* * *

The American Ambassador and Sir Austen Chamberlain did well to emphasize the remarkable object lesson of the Canadian frontier in their speeches at the Pilgrims' dinner on Wednesday.

"For 3,000 miles," said Mr. Houghton, "or, if the Alaskan frontier be added in, for more than 5,000 miles, that line stretches away, without a fortification on either side of it, or a ship of war. There are no soldiers and no sailors to guard it. There are no military problems or naval problems involved in its maintenance. . . ."

What, he asked, would have been the result if the alternative course had been taken and that frontier between Canada and the United States had in fact been protected by fortifications and by ships of war? And he drew an effective and convincing picture of "deeply lying unrest of mind" and suspicion and distrust of the other's good faith and good intentions which would inevitably have ensued. Mr. Houghton was restrained in drawing the moral from these facts, but it is one which should strike the minds of all. Sir Austen rubbed in the lesson by saying that "that frontier, unguarded except by the good will and the good sense of those whom it divides only to unite, is not merely the frontier of Canada with the United States, it is the frontier of the British Empire and the United States."

* * *

It would seem at the moment that the outcome of a French criminal case may seriously affect the diplomatic negotiations between the French and Italian Governments. Some time ago, an Italian subject called di Modugno applied for a passport to the Italian vice-consul, Count Nardini. Di Modugno, who was either a refugee, or a person suspected of anti-Fascism, was in a most unfortunate position. He could not leave France without the assistance of the Italian consular authorities, and he had very good reasons for not wishing to return to Italy, and there asking the authorities for permission to emigrate to America. Count Nardini refused the application, whereupon di Modugno assassinated him—a strange expedient for shortening his stay in France. At the trial, the counsel for the

defence did his duty conscientiously in representing his client as a man maddened by Fascist persecution; the same can hardly be said for the presiding judge, who allowed the trial to become a mere denunciation of Fascist tyranny. The result was that di Modugno got off with a verdict of manslaughter and a sentence of two years' imprisonment and a fine of 200 francs.

* * *

As soon as the verdict and judgment were known in Rome, vast crowds of demonstrators collected and kept the capital in a turmoil for many hours. Signor Turati saluted the demonstrators in the Fascist manner, and his salute was received with thunders of applause. The Chamber of Deputies passed a resolution of sympathy with Count Nardini's relatives. In Naples, an attempt was made to attack the French Consulate. The business of adding folly to folly was left to Signor Mussolini, who issued an official communiqué to say that the Government shared the nation's indignation. If the Duce and his Cabinet mean what they say, the negotiations about Tunis and Italian emigrants to the Rhone valley are in danger of being suspended. French criminal procedure and Italian diplomacy have at least one point in common; they give equal weight to irrelevant questions.

* * *

As was to be expected, M. Marraud, the French Minister of Public Instruction, has replied with an emphatic negative to the petition of the eighty-three pupils of the Ecole Normale Supérieure asking to be relieved from the obligation to become officers. M. Marraud, who sent his reply to the Rector of the Academy of Paris, said that the signatories of the petition had been guilty of an irregularity in sending it to him directly, and that he counted on the University authorities to put an end to the incident. The reply did not satisfy the TEMPS, which demanded "sanctions" against the signatories of a petition "impregnated with Sovietism," whose conduct in publishing the text in a Socialist paper was "a revolutionary act in the true sense of the term." The language of the TEMPS, however, was mild in comparison with the violent abuse showered by the Press of the Right on the eighty-three young men and on M. Alain Chartier, the distinguished Professor of Philosophy at the Lycée Henri IV. and editor of the PROPOS D'ALAIN, whose influence is held to be a factor in the subversive tendencies prevalent in the Ecole Normale Supérieure. Sixty-one of the signatories were induced by severe pressure to withdraw their signatures and say that they had misunderstood the document that they signed, but their formal submission is no proof that they have changed their minds. The twenty-two stalwarts are to be honoured for their courage in resisting intimidation, and they may turn out to be pioneers.

* * *

The trading results which have been issued for the operation of the South Wales and Monmouthshire coal-field for the three months ending October 31st disclose no improvement in the economic situation. A further heavy loss was registered during the quarter amounting to more than three-quarters of a million sterling, which entails a deficiency of 1s. 6½d. on each ton of coal sold. The seriousness of the position may be judged by the fact that since February, 1927, when the issue of financial returns recommenced after the coal stoppage of the previous year, the total loss on production has amounted to over four million pounds, and has been increasing almost continuously. Basing themselves on these heavy losses the coal-owners have presented a claim to the Conciliation Board for the area that the

subsistence wage should be reduced from 8s. 0½d. to 7s. per shift, and that this subsistence wage should be guaranteed only to married workers or those who are the sole support of a family. Further, the employers have asked that the minimum percentage addition to basic rates should be reduced from 28 to 20, which is a greater decrease than they unsuccessfully demanded a year ago. The Miners' Federation have adopted their customary tactics of counterclaiming for an increase of wages and an improvement of working conditions. The owners can point to the fact—for what it is worth—that wages are considerably higher in South Wales than in other exporting districts such as Durham. But they are very low; and it is surely time that heavy financial losses should cease to be regarded as a valid argument in the coal industry for further reductions. Under the still prevailing conditions of overproduction and price-cutting, the owners will succeed in making losses no matter what the wages of the miners are; and the only possible remedy lies in organized marketing and international agreement, for which we may hope the owners will before long be ready.

The wage reductions with which the wool textile employers have long been threatening the workers have at last produced the desired result, a decision by the trade-union leaders to support an application for a safeguarding duty. It would be hard to blame the workers' representatives for this concession. Their primary duty is to consider the interests of their own members, and it is often likely that a protective tax will benefit the trade immediately concerned, while reacting injuriously on trade as a whole. In this case it is by no means certain that even the West Riding textile employers will benefit from protection; their trade depends to a considerable extent upon exports, and it may well be that, if they succeed in getting a duty, they will lose more on the swings than they gain on the roundabouts. The union leaders, at any rate, are by no means enthusiastic in their support of the proposal. Faced by the alternative of lower wages, they have consented to apply for protection as the lesser evil, but they have stipulated that a duty shall be sought for a limited period only, and shall be removed if it does not produce the beneficial results predicted by the employers.

That redoubtable Free Trader, Mr. Philip Snowden, though he represents Colne Valley in the West Riding, will have nothing to do with safeguarding, and he has rallied all the Labour Members representing wool textile constituencies to make a declaration against the proposal. At a meeting of these Members on Wednesday, they were unanimous in regretting that the textile unions had abandoned their opposition to a safeguarding duty. Believing that the application of protection to that industry will be disastrous, and to none more than to the workers engaged in it, the meeting unanimously decided to offer an uncompromising opposition to the proposal "to apply this quack remedy of protection should it come before Parliament."

The perplexities and difficulties of the new Chinese Government must be much increased by the terrible news from Kansu. The province, which is on the western border, and abuts on Tibet, is one of the wildest and most inaccessible in the Empire. It contains a large Moslem population who, though not racially distinct from the western Chinese, are very much more warlike. A local Moslem General called Ma Ting-siang was apparently promised by Chang Tso-lin the governorship of the province, if he would raise an army. His recruiting sergeants enrolled men only

from the Moslem population. When the changes at Peking made it probable that Chang's promise would not be respected, the Moslem general consolidated his position by the crude but effective method of killing everybody who might conceivably wish for another Governor. Non-Moslem Chinese of every age and sex were butchered without mercy—it is actually said that the death-roll from war, pestilence, and famine, reaches half a million—and Ma Ting-siang now rules over a Moslem province. A punitive expedition from Peking will only add to the miseries of the remaining inhabitants, and if the Tibetan lamas choose the opportunity to raise a boundary question, the unlucky province may become a theatre of chronic operations.

The prestige of Australian cricket stands so high that the possibility of an English team being decidedly superior to an Australian one is not readily entertained. Yet that surely is the moral of the overwhelming victory of Chapman's team in the first Test Match at Brisbane. The Australians were unfortunate, it is true, in losing Gregory and Kelleway and in having to bat after heavy rain on the last day. But those mishaps were really irrelevant. The issue of the match was settled decisively on the second day, when England carried her score to 521 and got rid of four good Australian wickets for 44. Larwood's bowling triumph, following as it did on his earlier success in running through the Victorian side at Melbourne, is clearly no flash in the pan; and it is evident that, in him and Tate, England possesses a more formidable pair of bowlers than any which Australia can command. Indeed, with the steadiness of White to keep the runs down at one end when the principal pair are collared, the English bowling is decidedly more efficient for Test Match purposes than it was in either of the two previous post-war tours. The fielding is certainly as good, and the batting equally certainly as strong. Hendren's success on Saturday is as welcome as it was deserved; and, now that he is finally cleared of the unjust imputation of being unequal to critical occasions, he may be expected to reveal himself as one of the outstanding batsmen of the English team. Australian cricket, on the other hand, with the disappearance of Bardsley, Macartney, Mailey, and now Gregory, appears to be definitely below the standard of recent years; and, while closer struggles must be expected, we shall be very surprised if the promise of this week's result is belied by the later Tests.

The intense and widespread interest with which the Test Matches are followed is a testimony, less perhaps to the inherent attractions of cricket, than to the way in which it lends itself to newspaper drama. Opinions may differ as to whether cricket is an interesting game to watch, but there can be no question that it is incomparably the most exciting game to follow through the newspapers. The interest is perhaps heightened by the fact that England had a long series of reverses to wipe out. Certainly this accounts for the passionate and ruthless partisanship with which English public opinion follows the progress of the Tests. Of course Chapman was right, we all say, not to make Australia follow on, although we were leading by nearly 400 runs; of course, it was right to pile on the runs, and to send Australia in again towards the end of the afternoon. That was the way to make certain of victory; and to run avoidable risks in Test Matches is an unpardonable sin. We will listen to no complaints from Mr. Armstrong about unnecessary safety play. Has not Australia won twelve Test Matches since the war to our three?

THE PLIGHT OF THE COALFIELDS

WE write before this week's Conference at the Mansion House, at which the Lord Mayors of London, Cardiff, and Newcastle are to consider how best to renew their appeal for the distressed coalfields. No cause has just now such an urgent claim on our national benevolence as this; and there is no manner of doubt that the Lord Mayors' Fund deserves the most open-handed support. It would have received, it is safe to say, a more generous response than has hitherto been forthcoming if the public had a vivid sense of the state of things in the coalfields. But the mining villages are so remote, they have so few points of contact with the general life of the community that it is not easy for most people in less unhappy districts to realize to what a pass things have come in Northumberland, Durham, and South Wales. "The distress," writes Lord Eustace Percy, who, as Minister of Education, has a concern for the health of the schoolchildren, "is very serious indeed," though he adds that it is "not unmanageable," and that the public can be assured that their subscriptions "are really effective." Nor is physical distress by any means the whole of the trouble. There is a mood of utter despair, numbing and demoralizing. Experienced observers who took part in the work of relief in Austria and Germany in the "famine" period which followed the Armistice are struck by the same indefinable look, with which they then became familiar, on the faces of the children and adults in some of the mining valleys of South Wales.

In one respect, indeed, the problem is more serious than this sinister analogy suggests. It is not a question of tiding over a transient period of misery, with the assurance that, sooner or later, better times will supervene. Nothing is less likely than that the British coal industry will ever re-employ the large surplus of workpeople which it has been steadily displacing during the last few years. On the contrary, the process of displacement is almost certainly not yet complete. The continued prevalence of short time, even during the winter months, is an unmistakable intimation that many more pits must close down, and many more miners be added to the roll of the permanently unemployed, before the scale of the industry is adjusted to the demand for its products. Only by transference to other areas and other occupations can the growing surplus of miners be absorbed in productive work. All that can be done is, first, to promote this transference by every available and prudent means; and, second, to make arrangements for relief which will be adequate both to the scale of the distress and to the length of its probable duration.

For this twofold task the organized action of the State and the compassionate assistance of private persons (not in pecuniary forms alone) are both essential. Neither public policy alone nor private benevolence alone can possibly suffice; and neither our public policy nor our private benevolence is, as yet, what it should be. We need to attend to both. We must not allow appeals for the Lord Mayors' Fund, for the Coalfields Distress Committee of the Society of

Friends, or other similar appeals to distract attention from the important issues of Governmental policy which the problem raises. On the other hand, there could be no more misplaced notion than to suppose that the task is properly the State's exclusive responsibility, and that the chief effect of private benevolence will be to enable the Government to evade its duty.

The present policy of the Government is open to serious criticism under both heads of the problem, transfer and relief. As regards transfer, the Government refuses to recognize that an essential condition of moving miners on a large scale to comparatively prosperous regions is to create the environment of a buoyant labour market by pressing forward as rapidly as possible with every desirable public enterprise. On the contrary, the spirit of the successive raids upon the Road Fund is still predominant; and it seems likely that, before these lines appear, a further reduction of the housing subsidy—which must exert a seriously depressing influence on the labour market—will have been announced by Mr. Chamberlain. It is only fair to add that the Ministry of Labour is doing all that it can possibly do to promote transfer, consistently with the present conditions of the labour market; and we must take note also of the policy recently announced by Mr. Churchill of making grants for public works to the local authorities in prosperous districts, on condition that a substantial proportion of the workers engaged on them are drawn from the distressed districts. The principle of this is, in our judgment, entirely sound. Unfortunately, the measures which the Government takes with its left hand to depress the labour market are so much more powerful than those which it takes with its right hand to stimulate it.

As regards relief, our present public policy is more glaringly at fault. The rules for the administration of unemployment benefit were drawn up to meet conditions altogether different from those which prevail in the coalfields. They were frankly based on the assumption that a man who really exerts himself in seeking for a job can usually manage to find one himself before the Employment Exchange can find it for him. Therefore, it is not enough for a man to say: "I have registered at the Exchange. They have not been able to find me a job. I claim unemployment relief." He must give evidence of active efforts in the pursuit of work; and, if he fails to satisfy the Court of Referees that he has made such efforts, he is debarred from benefit, and thrown back upon the poor law. To apply such regulations to the surplus miners at the present time is a grotesque absurdity. Yet large numbers of miners are without unemployment benefit, either because they have been disqualified on such grounds, or because they have never paid sufficient contributions to entitle them to benefit. It is indeed the large number of the men who are without benefit that mainly accounts both for the physical distress and for the almost intolerable strain which is cast upon the rates in the mining areas.

It would, we consider, be the course both of humanity and wisdom to waive, as regards the miners, all ordinary restrictions on unemployment benefit, and to pay it, for the time being, to every man who has ever worked in the pits. It is true that there would be no justification for throwing this additional burden on to the employers and workpeople in other industries in their capacity of contributors to the Unemployment Fund. The cost of relieving the permanent unemployment in the coalfields ought not to fall upon them; it

is wrong that so large a part of it should fall upon them now. The sound policy, as we have frequently suggested, would be to confine the responsibilities of the Unemployment Insurance scheme to what used to be called "covenanted" benefit; and to meet all claims for "uncovenanted" benefit under another scheme financed entirely by the State. But, short of such a comprehensive reorganization, all unemployed miners should be entitled to benefit from the Fund, and the State contribution should be increased to meet the additional cost.

This is by no means the only measure of public policy, under the heading of relief, for which the present situation calls. There is a clear case for a generous pensions scheme by which the older miners would be pensioned off, and their places in the industry made available for younger men. The idea of a pensions scheme was advocated in the Liberal "Yellow Book." It has recently been formally endorsed by the Miners' Federation. It is an idea that ought not to be neglected.

But the most energetic and the most generous public policy, which would be consistent with wise statesmanship, would still leave an urgent need, which can only be met by the benevolence and the exertions of private individuals and by voluntary organization. For distress on a great scale and of long duration, public relief, in the nature of the case, cannot be a sufficient remedy. The circumstances of one family differ from those of another. The public relief must be on a rough and ready basis; it must not be extravagant; it must be adjusted to the needs of the least unfortunate, perhaps of the normal case, certainly not to the needs of the most unfortunate. When it has done its best, there must remain very many cases of hardship which call for the more flexible methods which are open to voluntary organizations.

That is not all. For the problem of transfer also public policy cannot be enough. That problem does not lend itself to any *en masse* solution. It can only be solved in detail, by fitting in miners and their families, here and there, in ones and twos and threes, in the openings that present themselves in every town and village in the more prosperous districts of the country. Manifestly, this is a task which calls for the co-operation of the whole community. And here one of the ideas, of which much has lately been heard, for organizing assistance to the mining areas seems to us of high promise. We refer to the idea of "adoption," or as the rural deans of South Wales put it in a recent letter to the *Times*, the linking of "units of need" with "units of help." The towns of Worthing and Hastings have "adopted" particular villages in South Wales as their special care, and similar action has been taken by the parish of St. Martin-in-the-Fields. So far this idea seems to have been limited to the organization of relief; all the money raised in Worthing is to go to Brynmawr, all that raised by St. Martin-in-the-Fields to Mountain Ash. But the idea has obvious potentialities for the promotion of transfer, and it is to be hoped that this side of the problem will not be neglected.

The idea of adoption will not be used to the best advantage if it continues to develop in a purely haphazard way. The linking-up of the "units of need" and the "units of help" must be based on an ordered plan. More generally, there is need for a co-ordination of the various efforts that are being made on behalf of the distressed areas. Into this question, however, we cannot now enter. Our present purpose is to emphasize the importance of what is perhaps the most imperious call that has ever been made on the social conscience of the British people.

AN ANGLO-JAPANESE ENTENTE

THE agreement with regard to Chinese affairs, recently concluded between the British and Japanese Governments, is not one of those compacts whose consequences are immediately visible. Quite the contrary: it will require a very nice observation of diplomatic action in the Far East during the next few years to discover exactly how this agreement affects our relations with Japan, with China, and with the United States. Its significance lies in what it implies rather than what it expresses. For that very reason, it requires the more careful scrutiny.

Ostensibly the agreement binds us to very little. The two Governments undertake to exchange views, freely and frankly, upon Far Eastern affairs. This means, presumably, that before either Government begins a diplomatic negotiation with China, it will communicate to the other the objects it desires to obtain, and will receive comment, possibly even criticism, in a friendly spirit.

This looks harmless enough. The signatories to the Washington treaty undertook to exchange views on any subject likely to disturb their "harmonious accord"; and nothing could be more likely to disturb it than any suspicion about the policy which some other signatory was pursuing in China. Sir Austen Chamberlain, in reply to a question in the House of Commons, was at pains to represent the agreement as "a natural consequence of the Washington obligations."

Moreover, the British and Japanese Governments invite any other Power with interests in China to join their conversations. Nor is this merely an after-thought. The negotiations have been kept so profoundly secret that it is difficult to say anything about them with certainty; but there are good grounds for supposing that either Count Uchida (who conducted the negotiations for the Japanese Government) or Mr. Matsudaira, made the first proposals at Washington. As usual, the Japanese procedure has been scrupulously correct.

The fact remains that the proposals were coldly received at Washington. The United States Government has secured very tangible advantages by playing a lone hand in China, and does not wish to be embarrassed by any kind of diplomatic partnership, however informal. The exchange of views must take place, therefore, without American assistance; it remains to be seen what the American attitude will be towards the arrangement.

Further, while the conversations in themselves may be innocuous, Japanese statesmen may well entertain pious hopes—which will be impenetrably disguised for many years to come—that the agreement they have compounded will exert a very great influence upon their country's relations with Great Britain. The agreement lays what may be called the foundation papers of an Anglo-Japanese entente in Far Eastern affairs. A diplomatic entente consists far more in practical conduct than in written agreements. When two Powers get into the habit of exchanging opinions upon matters that they would ordinarily keep to themselves, their relations necessarily become more cordial and intimate; and it is this diplomatic intimacy which constitutes an entente.

It is easier to realize the importance of an Anglo-Japanese entente than to pronounce on its merits. A closer understanding between Great Britain and Japan is in many ways desirable. The Singapore base raised suspicions that can only be allayed by some substantial proof of diplomatic friendship. The strong anti-Japanese sentiment which prevails in some of the Dominions, and the extravagant talk sometimes indulged in about Anglo-American unity of purpose in all things, have excited an apprehension of danger

in a proud and sensitive, but extremely nervous people. They have more than once provoked an exceedingly dangerous frame of mind in millions of peaceful Japanese, who saw in them a warning that the two most powerful nations in the world were ready, at a moment's notice, to combine against them; that the quarrels of the one would be regarded as the quarrels of the other, for no better reason than that an Anglo-Saxon race was at issue with an Asiatic one. If a few years of diplomatic co-operation in the Far East were to allay these fears, once and for all, then an Anglo-Japanese entente would have made a substantial contribution to international good will.

Moreover, an Anglo-Japanese understanding might well act as a real solvent of friction. There is now no chance that the Great Powers will ever revive their old policy of seizing Chinese territory, establishing bases upon Chinese soil, and sending punitive expeditions against the Chinese capital. That policy is dead for ever: its ill consequences are too manifest. And the particular forms of rivalry which were the outcome of the policy are as dead as the policy itself. It is inconceivable that one of the Powers should ever again be demanding a grant of land at a new Tsingtao, because another Power had established itself at a new Port Arthur. But it is undeniable that new rivalries in China may replace the old and be equally provocative of friction. The danger at the present moment is that one Power, negotiating with China, may secure advantages which another Power considers unfair. The "free and frank" exchange of views, for which the agreement provides, might certainly be used to stop a dangerous race for advantages; for if, during the next decade, Japanese commercial interests in China expand, it will be a great solvent of rivalry if these interests are known to have been acquired fairly and openly, and not as the result of negotiations and bargains about which other interested Powers knew nothing.

Japanese aims in Manchuria afford a concrete example. Those aims may be quite legitimate; but the ambiguous utterances of the Tanaka Government have aroused a considerable degree of suspicion abroad, and the warning recently uttered by Sir Austen Chamberlain was accepted in this country as wise and necessary, although many Japanese publicists read it as a dark and ominous threat, which Japan had done nothing to deserve. If, as many responsible Japanese aver, their Government's policy consists in nothing more Machiavellian than sitting on the fence, assisting any Government, local or central, that can enforce law and order, and meanwhile taking such steps as are absolutely necessary to protect their mines, railways, and industries, then the existing agreement gives them excellent opportunities of proving it. If there is anything more sinister behind the Japanese policy, the exchange of views will give the British Government an excellent opportunity of pointing out its danger.

But ententes, as we have learnt from experience, cannot be judged only by the contribution which they make to the solution of immediate difficulties. The most experienced statesman in the world would find it difficult to define the obligations of a diplomatic friendship. But those obligations do very sensibly affect his conduct in critical moments. And Japanese Premiers and Foreign Secretaries may be relied upon to make the present agreement the starting point of the most intimate friendship that they can create. They dread isolation as much as the mass of the Japanese people dreads the presence of a European Power at the gates of their Empire. Could an Anglo-Japanese friendship, which grows more solid as the years go by, be a possible source of danger?

Even though the United States can have no legitimate objection to the existing agreement, it is quite impossible

to say that they can have none to its eventual consequences. We may be quite sure that if British and Japanese diplomats show a growing unity of aims in Far Eastern affairs, American public opinion will attribute the worst possible motives to us. And though the British Foreign Office cannot allow Washington to become a Vatican which approves every act of British policy, or places it on the Index, any agreement that may cause apprehension in America is an agreement which ought to be productive of very solid advantages if it is worth compounding.

But it is not only in the United States, but in China and in Great Britain that the consequences of this agreement may eventually prove dangerous. It was because British policy in China was bound by no restrictions due to special understandings that the British Foreign Secretary was able to issue his Memorandum on British aims in China, and so to set a standard—and a high standard—in the handling of Chinese problems. Sir Austen Chamberlain has stated emphatically that British policy, as so defined, will not be affected by the present agreement. But diplomatic partnerships of any kind make it more difficult to adhere rigidly to a policy deliberately chosen by a State that was acting alone. Questions of interpretation and application arise and have to be considered conjointly, and subjected to discussions which make compromise inevitable. It might be worth while to restrict our freedom of action in order to obtain universal co-operation; it is another thing to restrict it in order to obtain the co-operation of a single Power.

All these are possible rather than inevitable implications of the agreement, and it would be unfair to assume, as a matter of course, that they will ever arise. Whether they arise or no, depends on what was at the back of the minds of the British and Japanese Governments in entering into the arrangement. We should feel happier as to its results if we could be sure that it will, in truth, involve no weakening in the British policy as formerly laid down by Sir Austen Chamberlain, and that its inception was in no way due to the desire to form a counterpoise to American influence in the Far East.

SUMMARY JURISDICTION IN THE METROPOLIS IS THERE MUCH WRONG?

TO make a tour of the Metropolitan Police Courts, to spend several days at each, to watch the magistrate at his work, is speedily to arrive at the conclusion that the duty of keeping the peace is nowadays performed in a manner which calls for surprisingly little criticism, if it be carefully borne in mind: (1) that the magistrate has to administer a law which he did not himself frame; (2) that his powers, though wide in scope, do in fact narrow themselves down to gratifying the desire of injured parties and public opinion in general that "something shall be done to" the convicted offender in one of the few possible ways permitted by the law.

Before, however, a magistrate commences to administer the law he has, as a rule, first to listen to a series of applications for advice or for summonses on the part of residents of his locality whose nervous systems have been temporarily deranged beyond bearing by the behaviour of their near relatives or neighbours, and who appear before their magistrate to request the assistance either of his wisdom or his powers.

Most of these applicants are encouraged first to outline their several grievances to the sergeant of the police in

attendance, so that he may, as it were, present them at court to the magistrate, on the latter's arrival, with a little speech which sums up briefly and clearly the cause of their appearance.

This is a very sensible plan, as in courts where this custom does not prevail much time is wasted by the applicant trying to explain to the magistrate what is the grievance, and by the magistrate (sometimes deaf) in trying to persuade him (or her) that it is something else.

The chief causes of complaint seem to be troublesome lodgers and their tendencies to behave in unusual and irritating ways; troublesome husbands and their rough and ready manners; troublesome absconding husbands and their arrears of maintenance; troublesome lovers and their reluctance to be considered as putative parents; and various other kinds of troublesome neighbours. All these complaints have to be listened to with care by the magistrate, who has quickly to come to the conclusion as to the wisest means of resolving their perplexing problems. Summonses are granted to some, the aid of the court's missioners is invoked in the case of others, and yet others go away comforted, either with the promise that a policeman shall caution the troublesome neighbour, or because the magistrate has succeeded in making the applicant perceive that there is nothing to be done but to put up with what cannot at the moment be helped—a thought which always affords its own consolation to all but the builders of Utopia.

The applicants disposed of, the magistrate assumes his judicial capacity, and the first of the series of lawbreakers which is to occupy the dock that morning takes up his position in the form usually of a man or woman charged with being drunk the previous evening. If this be the offender's first appearance he will probably be fined five shillings, or may even be dismissed with a caution. If it is not his first appearance the fine will be slightly higher, time being allowed for him to pay, so that the chance of his going to prison as an alternative for a week or five days is nowadays the exception, rather than the rule, to the great satisfaction of the prison authorities.

If at the police-station he had disputed his condition only to find the theory of the police corroborated by that of the police-surgeon, then he is required, in addition to his fine, to pay costs to the extent of ten shillings and sixpence. In such case the fine may be considerably reduced by the magistrate to one shilling, but even then one is left in doubt as to whether the doctor's fee should be chargeable to the offender at all.

From being drunk, it is an easy step to being drunk and disorderly, or drunk and behaving in an indecent manner. In such cases the fines begin, as a rule, at ten shillings and mount up to forty, and in the latter charge the personal feelings of a particular magistrate may make themselves felt in the penalty.

At this stage of the morning's proceedings appear also, in some courts, those unfortunate women whom the gentle de Quincey called "peripatetic philosophers," and whose professional activities in public have for long presented an apparently insoluble problem to English legislators. As a rule they plead guilty, and are fined forty shillings, with the alternative of twenty-one days' imprisonment (in the case of Mr. Hay Halkett, twenty-six days' imprisonment), unless it be their first appearance, when almost invariably these are handed over to the care of the lady missioner in the hope that they may perhaps be persuaded in time to forsake that *via dolorosa* of womanhood. In their case the evidence is inevitably that of the two plain-clothes officers, and the story—the everlasting tale of the two or three gentlemen who are never produced. One is left wondering,

and one's wonder increases on the rare occasions when the woman challenges the evidence. But in the end, like the magistrate, one feels the police are probably nearer the truth. Still one feels uneasy.

Sometimes, though one gathers since the appointment of the Street Offences Committee very rarely, a young man of effeminate build and voice is charged with a similar offence, and is liable on conviction to six months' hard labour, without the right of being tried by jury. In this case, one feels very strongly that no one so charged should be imprisoned for a first offence, that the right to be tried by jury should be restored, and that the police evidence should be carefully scrutinized; for young men sent to prison for this offence have been known in the recent past to complain very bitterly of this evidence.

Later in the morning commence the indictable offences, to be dealt with by the magistrate himself, if he thinks fit, and the accused person agrees, or should the latter elect to be tried by jury, to be heard with a view to determining whether there be a case to send for trial.

In cases tried summarily, there is the initial difficulty that the magistrate is simultaneously judge and jury and, if the accused person be undefended, defending counsel as well; a fact which forces one to confess that, from the standpoint of the accused person, everything depends upon what kind of mind and temperament the magistrate possesses.

Advocates of poor man's defence in police-court proceedings, recognizing the perils of this situation, strongly urge the provision of free legal aid for accused persons. In theory the idea seems incontestable, but in practice one wonders what kind of person would be the counsel, what personal interest he would take in the defendant's cause, and to what extent he would impress the magistrate, and in which direction. As it is, with a good magistrate, one inclines to the belief that the accused person from this very lack of knowledge of legal procedure, as often as not pleads his cause with the magistrate far more eloquently than might be the case were he under the control of a defending counsel. The effect of a skilful cross-examination of the witnesses for the prosecution by the counsel for the defence is apt very often to strike the hearer as being rather too clever; while the muddled statement from the dock by the accused person, who finds it impossible to put his comments in the form of questions, is always permitted by the experienced magistrate, and usually helps him to gain an accurate insight into the truth of the situation.

As to the metropolitan magistrates' judgments, one can but say that one notices the very liberal use made of the Probation Act, and the reluctance evinced against committing any offender to prison whose behaviour can be adequately settled by any other means. And when it does become necessary to send a person to prison for a few months, it is then that the onlooker realizes that something quite useless is being done, because no one can think of any alternative that will be acceptable to public opinion as at present constituted.

No problem of social life can be adequately solved by shutting up an offender for six months in a local prison and letting him out again to return to the same conditions that helped to give birth to his behaviour. The very utmost that can be said in its favour is that in the cases of persons who bother other persons, the other persons have six months' peace, usually utterly shattered at the commencement of the seventh.

Perhaps the progress of psychological science may in time come to influence public opinion and to be reflected in the law. Magistrates may then be empowered to hand

over habitually dangerous and annoying persons to the care of a physician for an indefinite period of time.

Until then, however, we must carry on with our present penal methods, so long as we can, but with the growing feeling that this cannot conceivably be very much longer.

Upon the civil side of the magistrate's work we cannot enter. Suffice it to say that on an afternoon a magistrate finds his attention hypnotically drawn to a long catalogue of cases where owners of motor-cars have caused obstruction, or where matrimonial relationships are in a state of chaos, or where bastardy orders have fallen into arrears, or where an alien has failed to register, or where a dog has taken the air without a collar or exists without a licence, and many other matters of which one can but say: Are they not written in the books of the chronicles of Police-Courts Proceedings, and do they not explain the death of magistrates and the demise of clerks?

ARTHUR R. L. GARDNER.

THE NEEDS OF THE VILLAGE

[The writer of these articles, who has lived for many years in a village, has written them in the hope that they may be useful to "new villages" who want to do social work, or at least to help their poorer neighbours, but have little previous experience of rural conditions.]

I.

THE most obvious characteristic of a village is its smallness. The most striking difference between the work done in a village and that done in a town, apart from the fact that so much village work is performed in the open air, lies in the large proportion of the villager's working life which he spends alone, and in the fact that he is never associated in his work with more than a few others. From these two conditions spring many of the difficulties of social work in rural districts: the needs of the village, in so far as they differ from the needs of the town, are to a great extent determined by these circumstances of village life. Because a village is small, the number of people available for any social enterprise, whether it be football, or choral singing, or adult education, is tiny: if the enterprise is to be successful as a source of happiness, everybody who is capable of being interested in it must be enticed to take a part. But the solitary work of the countryman not uncommonly breeds in him a certain individualism which is an obstacle to co-operation. "There's no two that's alike: ivery one on 'em gets fixed in his own orkard way," was the verdict pronounced by a Yorkshire farm labourer upon his fellows. Sometimes this individualism only leads to shyness in co-operation; but occasionally it takes a less pleasant form, as when a young fellow, who knows that the village cricket team can scarcely get on without his bowling, shows his independence by refusing to play. Perhaps that kind of thing is partly due to some sort of "inferiority complex" that is not unnatural in people who have been under authority all their lives and had little scope for the exercise of their own wills; but, after all, in every walk of life indispensable people are apt to be a nuisance. The real trouble is that in a village nearly everybody is indispensable; and influenza can be as potent as a fit of bad temper to rob the choral society of its one really competent tenor when the time comes for the annual concert.

There is no getting rid of the basic facts, unless indeed electricity or atomic energy or some other factor decentralizes industry and makes our villages utterly different from what they are to-day. Apart from such changes, villages will continue to be small, and the work of country-folk will continue to be solitary. But the recognition of

these facts should make it possible to obviate some of the difficulties which they tend of themselves to produce.

In the first place, there is room for much more co-operation between villages. Where villages are particularly small, they are often near together, and the motor-bicycle and the motor-bus enable people to get from one village to another with less fatigue and less waste of time than such journeying involved before the war, when dark nights and muddy roads were real obstacles. But the habit of inter-village co-operation develops slowly. People who have lived all their lives in a village are sometimes surprisingly ignorant even of the names and faces of neighbours who live less than a couple of miles away, and a curious tradition of hostility in some cases tends to keep villages apart. There is great opportunity here for an educated resident, who appreciates the need, to promote and facilitate the combination of villages for sport or music or other social activities. In the past, the need has commonly been overlooked, and I have even known country clergymen arrange to have the harvest festivals in neighbouring churches on the same day in order to frustrate the scandalous anti-parochialism which they thought was promoted by the habit of attending these celebrations in other villages. It may be that the combination of ecclesiastical parishes, which is becoming so frequent in rural districts, will have a beneficial effect in removing barriers between villages. The practice of sending the older children from several villages to a central school is bound to assist matters in the future. But there are certainly many ways in which an enterprising individual might make all the difference by tactful and energetic action. A representation to the motor-bus company which serves the district may lead to a more convenient timing and routing of its services. Negotiation with the committees of the local cricket and football leagues in regard to the grouping of villages for league competitions may increase the possibilities of village sport. For example, the league rule may be that any two villages may combine; but if attention is called to the case of three unusually small adjacent villages the rule may be modified to admit the combination of any villages whose combined population is below a certain figure. Similarly, local knowledge employed to make a tactful representation as to local needs may bring about a shaping of the rules for competing villages in a County Musical Festival which will enable certain villages, hitherto deprived of this stimulus to musical enterprise, to enter for the competition. And lastly, the habit of inter-village co-operation may be developed by the organization of flower shows and athletic sports for groups of villages.

The smallness of the village suggests another need, which, though it may seem obvious, has been largely overlooked in the past. If to make a success of a cricket club, or a choral society, or a boys' club, or a course of lectures, it is essential that all those who feel an interest in such an enterprise (or in whom the interest may be induced) should be persuaded to join in, it surely follows that the enterprise must be "single-minded." By that I mean that it must not be tacked on to Church or Chapel, to a political party, or a Band of Hope. It is, of course, very natural for religious bodies or political associations to promote social gatherings, and it would be unfair to suggest that the social activities thus undertaken are merely undertaken with the object of making the "cause" popular and as a means of obtaining influence in the interests of religious or political propaganda. No doubt in many cases the motive is a genuine and devoted zeal for social welfare. But whereas in a town the members of a particular church or a particular political party may form a unit sufficiently large for club purposes, this is not so in most villages. If

your club is to be a success you must not exclude anybody for reasons extraneous to the actual purposes of the club. After all, either these things are worth doing for their own sake, or they are not worth doing at all. And it is not merely that the lack of numbers is less likely to be a difficulty if the clubs are "single-minded" in this sense. There will be more genuine keenness in the spirit of a club, if its promoters cannot be suspected of any ulterior motive, and if they show by their own example that they feel the club's activities to be worth while for their own sake. Surely, under the conditions of village life, this principle of "single-mindedness" is incontestably right? No Church—no men's temperance society even—would dream of making it a condition of membership that each member should play football. And the principle is just as sound in regard to membership of the football club. The principle is of wider application than perhaps appears at first sight. It seems, for example, that in a village an Ex-Service Men's Club may be a doubtful blessing. Even if there are enough ex-Service men to form a successful club, there may not be enough young men and lads who were under military age during the war to form a second club, and the Service test may mean that they have none. Again, the Women's Institutes, which have done such splendid work in so many villages, need to be on their guard against the temptation to undertake activities which do not belong exclusively to women. I am thinking more particularly of music. A choral society needs tenors and basses. But if the Women's Institutes have their own societies for singing, they may prevent the formation of a proper choral society, because there will not be enough women singers in the village for two societies with separate membership, and not many women will have time for more than one.

REGINALD LENNARD.

LIFE AND POLITICS

THE King's illness has been filling the mind of everyone. The completeness with which the very real anxiety about it has driven normal business and preoccupations into the background is a curious and impressive thing. I can remember nothing to compare with the prolonged strain and trouble of these last few days. The serious illness of King Edward came on suddenly and the period of national worry about it was soon ended by better news. It was only gradually that people became aware that King George was in danger, and then from day to day, almost from hour to hour, there was the change from relief to fear and back again. I have never in a fairly long journalistic career heard so many or such diverse rumours about anything as in this trying time. The old belief that bulletins about Royal persons do not tell the worst is as common as ever, though there is every reason for the conclusion that the King's doctors have told the exact truth from day to day. The ominous word anxiety still figures in the bulletin that appeared a few hours before this was written, early in the week. Even if things go as all hope they will, it will be a long time before the King is able to do much work, and the appointment of the Commission to act on his behalf, though the worst interpretation was put upon it, was no more than a sensible precaution.

Mr. Britten's letter to Mr. Baldwin seems to have been a bad blunder from the point of view of diplomatic purists. Mr. Baldwin has made the only reply possible from the head of the Government to an American politician who is vehemently repudiated by the heads of his own Government. People who are not much interested in diplomatic

niceties are hoping all the same that something useful will come of it. Mr. Britten would have done much better if he had addressed himself to some unofficial leader here in the cause of disarmament, who would have been in a position to take the initiative in arranging an Anglo-American meeting of Parliamentarians. For that is exactly what is badly needed. There is a general feeling that we shall never make much progress towards naval disarmament so long as things are left in the hands of naval experts, working behind the scenes and using statesmen as the spokesmen of their fears and desires. There is every reason in the world why members of the Parliaments of both countries should be encouraged to get together and talk over the problems of sea power, unintimidated by the experts, and in full democratic freedom. Presidents may frown and Secretaries of State return sharp answers, but along this line lies, all the same, the best hope for the future.

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I had the privilege the other day of "witnessing" the enthronement of Dr. Lang as Archbishop of Canterbury. Canterbury Cathedral is an incomparable setting for a pageant of this kind. Only on the rare occasions when one of these great churches is filled by a vast assembly, full of colour and movement, does one lose the feeling of their desolate emptiness. The great cathedrals were planned as the spacious setting for great religious displays. The decline of pomp and gorgeousness in our modern worship is a definite loss to the popular enjoyment; nowadays the cinema is perhaps a bad substitute. I have never seen anything more elaborate or stately than this remarkable service. Pictorially it was most impressive, but the really interesting thing about it was the manner in which it kept to the mediæval forms, while filling them with the present-day spirit. One significant illustration of this intention was the fact that the marble seat known as Saint Augustine's chair was brought from its remote chapel and planted down in the nave, in full view of the congregation. In former times the enthronement of the Archbishop on this historic seat always took place far away from the eyes of the populace. It was strictly an ecclesiastical affair. The whole celebration this week showed a desire to make a broad popular appeal. The leaders of the Anglican Church to-day are well aware that they must not forget the people, even when they are busy with a clerical rite. Another significant thing was the invitation which was extended, for the first time, to representatives of the Free Churches. The new Archbishop exercised a leading influence in the efforts that were made at the Lambeth Conference to achieve the difficult if much-desired union of the Churches.

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The new Archbishop takes over the reins of the Church from Archbishop Davidson at a most difficult time. He will need all the diplomatic skill for which he is famous if he is to guide the wobbling vehicle along a straight and a safe path. The choice of this experienced ecclesiastical statesman to follow the old Archbishop is probably the best that could have been made. There is no other leader with his experience and his skilfulness in getting out of tight places. He has the legal mind, to use the phrase in its best sense. He will use all his wonderful resources to tide the Church over the immediate crisis, and he will do it, as his sermon after his enthronement—another innovation, by the way—suggests, by powerful appeals for closing up the ranks within the Church, and the diversion of partisan energy into a new social and religious crusade. As Archbishop, one may say familiarly of him that he looks the part, that he speaks the part, and that he has the confidence in himself and his mission necessary to make it effective.

The Free State authorities have shown a delightful departure from convention in their new coinage. The Free State will have the most amusing coins with which I am acquainted. The designs of beasts and birds skilfully blend the practical and the artistic. They are practical because they are intended to serve the ends of an agricultural country. The farmer will be expected to study Mr. Metcalfe's admirable picture of the perfect bull on the new shilling or the perfect hunter on his half-crown as the ideal animal for him to aim at in breeding. Similarly the half-penny pig is not merely the pig brought into the circle of art—as Mr. Bennett's artist brought the policeman into art—but it is the kind of pig that will produce good bacon at a good price. The designs are admirable as art, and the distinguished experts who were the judges are to be congratulated on their taste in choosing the work of this English competitor, who had some famous international artists to beat. He has clearly made a careful study of the technical side of coin-designing, for the lack of which many attempts in this kind fail. The Free State has the most beautiful set of coins in the world—the salmon on the two shillings is especially a joy—and it may be doubted whether any other Government but that of the Free State would have had the same happy originality in breaking away from the conventional attachment to national symbols.

* * *

I once and only once saw the late Mr. Justice Salter—"Drysalter" as he was familiarly known—in action, and I was much impressed by his methods. The case was that of a famous and formidable prisoner. Mr. Justice Salter, never a talkative judge, distinguished himself throughout the long trial by saying nothing. He sat on the bench like a graven image, dispassionately taking notes, while the prisoner exercised all his wonderful rhetorical arts. Under the most extreme provocation to intervene, Mr. Justice Salter continued dumb; a behaviour which was obviously most disconcerting to the prisoner. The judge seemed not in the least interested when the prisoner, in addressing the jury, said "that sword of Justice will drop from its scabbard if you give a verdict of guilty against me." He didn't even look up to see if the sword was safe. It was. When the time came for Mr. Justice Salter to open his mouth he did so to some effect. With the utmost precision and in the fewest possible words, he summed up in so overwhelming a manner that the verdict of guilty followed quickly and almost as a matter of course. It was deadly, and the performance gained immensely in its devastating effect from the almost inhuman detachment and calm of the judge through all those days of passionate irrelevance.

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The Exile of Rapallo's caricatures at the Leicester Gallery seem to have received less attention from the Press than his former exhibitions got, although the collection is more comprehensive than any of its forerunners, and it contains some of his best work. How good that work is! It is endowed with that rare thing, beauty, as certainly as the works of that great master of humorous grotesque, Rowlandson, who is only now being appreciated at his real worth. There is, of course, no comparison between the draughtsmanship of Rowlandson and Max's, but both have made a fat man into a delightful graceful design again and again. Max's colour is as graceful as his design, and as inventive. The decorative charm of his two Bancrofts, father and son, walking in Oxford, is united with the same masterly absurdity as in his famous cartoon of the Sitwell brothers. Now we are used to the surprise of the caricature

and the aftertaste of its significance, we give more time to the appreciation of the cartoons. Most of the figures caricatured in this collection have long since left this world, and many of them are not even names to the present generation, but these Bright Old People live on gaily with their funny hair and whiskers and beards and hats and clothes, and strut and shuffle in the world of Max, for he has breathed a queer sort of life into the cunning effigies he has made. I find it impossible now to think of Henry James apart from Max's grave, apprehensive, staring, heavy, yet elusive figure, suggesting somehow a ghost looking at a man; or Walter Pater apart from his very, very tan gloves. There are hardly any of the new celebrities or notoriety of the day in this collection, and the follies of the moment are winging along with nobody over here to do Max's job. Can nothing be done to get him back to England?

KAPPA.

SPOKEN LAST WEEK

WHATEVER may be the outcome of the King's illness, as I write we are in a more comfortable frame of mind, for ex-coastguard Godden has said this morning that we can believe him, or we can believe him not, but his Majesty "as passed the crisis." I must explain that ex-coastguard Godden is no mean authority, not only has he had pleurisy himself, but he served under the King in the "Thrush." He recovered from the illness and has the liveliest recollections of the "Jook of York." Therefore his words are doubly weighted. It is his nightly duty to interpret the bulletins to us, and this he does with a fine flavour of optimism which never fails to discount the newspaper's more sensational headlines.

"There ain't no need to get spasmodic," he has said (I should explain that Bill Godden chooses his words more for their resonance than their more humble meaning). "Why, look at the attention he's getting. I ain't saying anything against Dr. — (our local practitioner), but everyone knows he's merely physical. Now the King he's got surgical doctors too. And I tell you, boys, it takes a bit of knowledge to be surgeon to the King. They don't make doctors into lords for putting on poultices, that I do know."

"Now I put it to you—when I 'ad the ploorisy did the Doc. call in a surgical opinion? No. Did he collect all his pals from the neighbourhood and come knocking at my front door three times a day? No. All he said was: 'Keep 'im warm, mustard plasters, and let the British constitution do its work.' Well I got over it all right. I only asks you to think what they're doing for his Majesty. Why they've got a ornithologist on the spot night and day. You see, they'll fix him up all right."

"Didn't fill the papers with columns about you, when you were bad," said an ignorant young labourer, suspected of Bolshevism.

"Why should they?" retorted Bill Godden, "I'm inconspicuous. It don't make much difference to anyone except the missus, if I do 'ook it. But 'im—why, whole Empires, you might say, depend on 'im. You think before you talk so silly."

"And what's more, young 'Erb," interjected the custodian of the bar, "Bill knows *Who* he's talking about, as well as *what*, don't you, Bill?"

"I 'ad the honour to serve with 'is Majesty in the 'Thrush,' been ashore with 'im at Malta when he was as free an easy as any of us here—and if anyone knows a finer gentleman or a finer officer, I say bring 'im into this parlour 'ere and now, and he can call for what he likes."

This magnificent challenge to the higher decks of the Navy remaining unanswered, and young 'Erb being sufficiently squashed, the conversation proceeded on its way.

"It's my belief," said the postmaster, "he's made himself ill doing his duty. He's overworked himself. Why there was never a King as was so conscientious. Look," he added (thinking perhaps of the buff forms that surround his own business), "look at what he has to sign every day."

"You never spoke a truer word, Mr. Spoffin," said old Bill. "'Ow would we like it if, after breakfast, and we was putting on our pipe, the Lord-in-Waiting was to come in and say, 'Begging your pardon, your Majesty, but before you call for your 'orse, 'ere's one or two little matters to be attended to'—and in follows half a dozen equerries with as many laundry baskets full of it. Why if we get 'Arrods' catalogue once a year, he gets hundreds of them every day. And things more important, letters from all over the world in every language under the sun. They take a bit of ciphering, I know."

Young 'Erb, resurgent, growled, "'E gets plenty to 'elp 'im."

"'Elp 'im, does he," said old Bill; "why, who can 'elp 'im if he's writing confidential to the French publicans? Who can 'elp 'im if he's opening a new bridge or a museum of antiquities. Who can 'elp 'im if he's got to knight the Lord Mayor of London. You shut your mouth, young man. You're a bit too querulous for your age, that's what you are. You ain't no idea how impecunious his dooties are."

"Quite right," said the bar-tender: "and I lay if you was to go and ask Major — up at the Lodge to show you his papers, you'd find them signed personal by the King. And who's he? Nice enough gentleman as we all know, but he's no more a major than my old cat. Got a bit of temporary rank for doing stationmaster's duties at Rouen. Why the King even signed him up."

"Well, what's the noos?" asked a newcomer who blew in bringing the cold winter blast with him.

"It's all Sir Garnet," said old Bill. "There's no need to get combustical. He's turned the corner."

"Well I'm glad to hear it," said the stranger; "hope he pulls through all right."

"Amen," said old Bill.

But, passing out into the night, I tackled him more intimately. "Are you really so confident as you say, Bill?" I asked him.

"Well, you see, sir, it's like this—with them ignorant folk as has never served with the King afloat and has never had the ploorisy it ain't no good playing on their fantigues. They'll seize on anything and make it into a molehill. But with you, sir, it's different, and I don't mind telling you, I'm worried. I'm not happy."

And putting a hairy paw into mine, he said, "And for me you'll know that's conclusional."

J. B. STERNDALÉ BENNETT.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE FRENCH ARMY

SIR,—The matter of French war preparation is so important that, with your permission, I should like to add something to my article of last week. The debate in the Chamber on the army estimates has not cleared up the mystery about the strength of the active army in 1913. M. Montigny's figure of 582,900 (including 96,990 professionals), was officially given by the Ministry of War in February, 1913, when it was desired to show that it was necessary to increase the period of military service from two to three years. M. Painlevé, however, declares his figure of

753,000 (including 276,000 professionals) to be accurate, and says that it does not refer to the end of the year when there were three classes of conscripts under the Colours, but to the first nine months of 1913 before the Three-year Law came into operation. If M. Painlevé is right, the figure officially given in 1913 was false and the whole case for the Three-year Law was based on a lie, for the French active army was in fact no smaller than the German. In that case, what reliance can be put on any statistics supplied by the French General Staff?

The strength of the active army in 1913 is not, however, the important question. As M. Montigny and other Opposition speakers said, the important question is whether the French army is unnecessarily large now when the conditions are totally different from those existing in 1913. That question M. Painlevé evaded. The whole of his speech was devoted to proving that the active army is now about 13 per cent. below the normal strength of 1913 and costs very little more than on the eve of the war, and he assumed that, if he could prove that, he had answered all his critics and cleared the French Government of any suspicion of militarism. In that assumption he has naturally been supported by nearly the whole French Press, and—less naturally—by the TIMES.

Thus M. Painlevé takes as the criterion of the French post-war army, ten years after the victory and the disarmament of Germany, the army of the pre-war year when its normal strength had been raised to a maximum—according to M. Painlevé's figure, the active army in 1913 must have been about 180,000 larger than in 1910—when Germany had universal military service, and when war was believed by the French General Staff to be imminent. So strong was the belief that on January 24th, 1924, the Budget Committee of the Paris Municipal Council held a secret meeting, which was attended by General Michel, Military Governor of Paris, who informed the members that 1914 was "an exceptional year," and there might be a general mobilization in March or April.

In the matter of expenditure M. Painlevé's criterion is the same. He congratulated himself and France on the fact that the army will cost next year only £62,400,000—the total of the army estimates appears to be £67,304,000, but let that pass—whereas in 1913 it cost £61,600,000, including a supplementary vote of £18,080,000, mainly for the additional and quite exceptional expenditure occasioned by the Three-year Law! In 1912, according to M. Painlevé, the French army cost only £48,400,000, and that sum included a supplementary vote of £11,600,000, principally if not entirely due to the war scare caused by the situation in the Balkans. On M. Painlevé's own showing, therefore, France is going to spend on her army next year only about 70 per cent. more than the normal expenditure of 1912. What a triumph for the policy of Locarno! According to the official index, wholesale prices in France are now about 27 per cent. higher than in 1913.

It must not be thought that French military expenditure has reached its maximum. It is steadily increasing. The army estimates for next year exceed those of the present year by £6,272,000, and the increase in the total military and naval expenditure appears to be £22,080,000. M. Painlevé, after juggling with the figures, arrived at the conclusion that the "real" increase in the army estimates was only about £3,200,000, and in the total military and naval expenditure £8,480,000, but he did not give the grounds of this conclusion, and it appears to be a question of hair-splitting about the allocation of certain sums. In any case, even according to M. Painlevé, there is a large increase, and it is not his fault that it is not even larger. He and the General Staff asked for an additional sum of £16,000,000, but M. Poincaré was unable to find the money, and this expenditure has been postponed until 1930.

The way in which every 100 francs paid by the French taxpayer will be distributed in 1929 is something like this:—

Debt Service	41
Army and Navy	24.9
Pensions	16
Education	6
Agriculture, Commerce and Public Works...	7
Social Services	2.75
Other Expenses	2.35

I owe these proportions mainly to M. Daladier's speech in the Chamber, and I think that he has somewhat underestimated the debt service, but have not the figures before me. In any case the proportions are approximately accurate. The figures speak for themselves.

Although M. Painlevé thought the present strength and cost of the French army so moderate as to need no justification, some of his colleagues appear to feel the need at any rate of an excuse. A few days before the debate on the army estimates M. Briand made a somewhat alarmist statement to the Foreign Affairs Committee of the Chamber in which he hinted at mysterious perils and menaces which made it necessary for France to take precautions. Although he seems to have been very vague, he left his hearers in no doubt that he was referring to Italy. M. Briand certainly does not believe in the possibility of an Italian attack on France, and it was merely a manoeuvre to get the army estimates through without difficulty. Presumably he thought that a bad excuse was better than none, and could find no other.

It is interesting and significant that the initiative in the attack on militarism should have been taken by Radicals. They were, it is true, deserted in the division lobby by nearly half the members of their party, including M. Herriot, who absented himself, but the French Radical Party in Parliament is in the position of the Liberal Party after the break-up of the Coalition, and needs a purge, which will reduce its numbers in Parliament and increase its strength in the country. This revival in the Radical Party of the anti-militarist spirit of thirty years ago is most encouraging. Cannot something be done to bring British Liberals, German Democrats, and genuine French Radicals into closer and constant touch?—Yours, &c.,

ROBERT DELL.

UNEMPLOYMENT AND SAVINGS

SIR,—In commenting upon the debate on the Address under the "Events of the Week" in your number of November 17th, you come back to a statement which you have made on different occasions before. You object to the dilemma, presented by the Ministerial spokesman, between the two consequences of loans for development purposes, namely, either a corresponding reduction in the amount of capital for ordinary business, with consequent loss to employment in the old fields, or inflation. This you call "sophistical" and "obsolete," because it involves "the assumption that there is always a precise adjustment between the amount of money savings and the volume of real investment—an assumption which is very far from the truth."

Now, I think a great number of your readers would be grateful to you for explaining where such savings are going which do not get invested. I suppose that you do not consider savings or capital to be able to exist in the form of gas; it must take some definite shape or other—and all those shapes are usually called investments. So I am altogether at a loss to understand your meaning.

This, however, is not the case if you mean to say that what is intended to be savings becomes in reality an increase in the "reserves" of the banks, diminishing the volume of circulating money. In this case—as I would like to express it—no real saving has been taking place. But however it may be expressed, it will mean deflation; and if that is what you are really aiming at, I think you are quite right. The mistake of the Government spokesman, according to your report of his speech, consequently is that he has not considered the possibility of the present situation being the outcome of a tendency to deflation.

But I submit that if that is what you really want to make clear, you had better say so. For if no such tendency exists, it is literally true that every scrap of new saving is instantly, without any sort of "time-lag," transferred into investment, for the simple reason that it has nowhere else to turn.

On the other hand, I would not go so far as to say that the transference of capital from one form of use to another would in all cases be without influence upon employment. The relations in which capital and labour enter into a process are extremely different; some forms of production

are making use of very little labour to each unit of capital, and other forms just the reverse. A transference of capital to branches requiring much labour, as compared with capital, would therefore be able to create an increase in employment. This is what relief works are usually aiming at; and, so far, they are theoretically quite sound. Whether loans and subventions to general business purposes will be able to do the same must altogether depend upon the character of the works to be instituted.

It may be presumptuous in me, but I cannot help thinking that the discussions on unemployment policy which have been going on in other countries might be useful to Britain. In Sweden a Government Committee, of which I was a member, reported upon Unemployment Insurance about half a year ago; and another one, upon which one of my colleagues is now serving, is considering the wider aspects of the problem. Is it altogether out of the question that these investigations might be of interest to you?—Yours, &c.,

ELI F. HECKSCHER.

Baldersgatan 10 A, Stockholm O.
November 18th, 1928.

[We are not sure whether there is any real difference between Professor Heckscher and ourselves. We agree with his analysis. The "tendency to deflation" which he mentions is certainly part of the sequence of cause and effect. Nor are we in the least averse to saying so. In our issue of August 4th (page 583), for example, which was the last of the previous occasions on which, as he says, we have made the same point, we wrote as follows:—

"If the volume of real investment falls short of the money savings of the community . . . the result is a deflationary tendency, marked inevitably by trade depression and increasing unemployment."

We believe that we are suffering at present from such a deflationary tendency.

But we are somewhat puzzled to know why Professor Heckscher should dislike, as he appears to do, the language which he quotes us as using. A tendency towards either deflation or inflation is not a rare, abnormal occurrence. It is rather the complete absence of either that is rare and abnormal. To say that there would be a precise adjustment between money savings and real investment, if there were not the slightest tendency towards either inflation or deflation, is, therefore, to say very little.

Possibly the explanation is that there may be a difference between us as to the relationship of cause and effect. Professor Heckscher may hold that any maladjustment between money savings and real investment must be wholly the effect of a deflationary (or inflationary) tendency, which in turn must be attributed entirely to monetary and central banking policy. If so, we are not in entire agreement. We consider that an inadequate volume of real investment may act as a cause of a deflationary tendency, and that this may not always be readily controllable by purely monetary policy. In support of this contention, we cite the long period of trade stagnation during the nineties, when Bank-rate stood at 2 per cent., and the supplies of bank money were abundant, but when attractive outlets for permanent investment were, for various reasons, lacking.

In conclusion, we certainly think that we, in Great Britain, may have much to learn from investigations of the very similar problem in Sweden.—ED., NATION.

COWPER'S MADNESS

SIR,—Arid discussions on religious subjects do no good. I have no desire to start one, but may I comment, very briefly, on one or two points raised in Mr. Fausset's letter? Is it not unfortunate that he has chosen as a particular instance of Newton's generally harmful teaching, as he considers it, to Cowper, the dictum "the Gospel is a salvation appointed for those who are ready to perish and is not designed to put them in a way to save themselves by their own works"? Are not these words almost a paraphrase of those in verse twenty-five of the Third Epistle to the Romans, through which, at St. Alban's, as Cowper tells us, "the full beams of the Sun of Righteousness shone upon me. . . . Unless the almighty arm had been under me, I think I should

have died with gratitude and joy"? At any rate, the prescription recommended by Newton worked well once.

Then as to the inference that the doctrines held by Newton tend generally to undermine the will—I think Mr. Fausset will allow that this is a fair inference to draw from his letter. A hasty glance at the subject may give this impression, but how about the thing in practice? Did Luther shake the world by his weak will? Did weak-willed reformers change the face of England and weak-willed philanthropists liberate the slave? Doubtless Cowper was not moulded as these men were, but (looking at matters from a religious viewpoint—and no less than religious comfort would have satisfied Cowper) if Newton's elixir failed to cure him, no other prescription—narcotic or stimulant—would have been worth the taking.—Yours, &c.,

MAURICE C. KIRKMAN.

MIND'S EYES

A 'BUS paused at Marble Arch to let a line of sparkling red and silver soldiers on black horses tittup stiffly into the Park. Gee and Kay climbed into the 'bus in mid-road, therefore, and sat down inside, side by side, near the door. They looked rather wistfully round at the fringe of shut, shocked faces that lines every English public conveyance.

"Talking of faces," said Gee, in the hoarse, uneasy murmur made necessary by the haughty rattling silence round him, "isn't it odd that we all feel that our face is *The Face*—all other faces seem to us variations on *The Face*? We think of ourselves very much as we used to draw people when we were little—*The Head*, balanced like an egg on *The Body*—ten strokes for fingers and several dozen for hair—two dots for eyes—a pothook for nose, and a crooked (yet ideal) dash for mouth . . . all nothing but a symbol standing for *The Person—Us*. We only emphasize oddities when we draw that inferior alien combination of eggs that symbolizes our neighbour. Just look at all these noses—noses up—noses down—noses in and noses out—and each nose thinking itself *The Nose*—the real, natural nose—and the other noses all more or less hysterical in shape, if you know what I mean. It isn't vanity, it's just a matter of perspective."

Kay listened, but he did not think of his own example of *The Nose*. He was looking at the eyes astride of the noses around him, and thinking how seldom it is that one meets a candid and ardent eye. Eyes are nearly always afraid and aggrieved. He looked out of the window and watched the expression of honest and quickening pleasure on the face of a dray horse approaching a drinking trough. How much more delightful, he thought, than the expression of a stockbroker approaching a cocktail.

"What I mean is," went on Gee, "that the whole sight of our mind's eye is really a matter of which way we face, under that secret sun that lights our point of view. Not, I mean, a Right way and a Wrong way, but just *our way*. If we think of the first marron glacé we ever ate or the last prayer we ever said at our mother's knee—these scenes have to be faced some special way—otherwise they are travesties. *The House Where I Was Born* stands just there—look—just where that Bovril poster is—looking *that way*—the cedar I used to climb is just over that policeman's head. It couldn't be turned round in my mind's eye, any more than Selfridge's could be turned round; I have planted the place—probably quite wrongly, but for good or ill—in that corner of my point of view. . . ."

What a world is open to the companions of constant talkers! Kay's mind ran about quietly, lost and happy, to houses, to thumbs, to empires, to Ur of the Chaldees, to Selfridges, to indiarubber. . . . Through the near enclosing sound—like a glass case in a glass house—of Gee's talk

in the larger yet transparent noise of the 'bus, Kay could hear the 'bus-conductors and drivers interpolating between jokes and aphorisms information about their mysterious lives, as all the traffic stood, jammed and throbbing, at Oxford Circus.

"The ol' gal come 'ome last night. . . . Took on somethink awful to find the kid gawn . . . tikes all kinds to mike a world—that's what I always say . . . only right she should, as I says to Bert . . . an' when 'e come to light the gas . . . the sun's quite a strynger these diys, ain't 'e . . . what about that 'en what lide the egg under the chay-er? . . . as I always siy, the more you do for 'em the more they expects. . . ."

Kay thought, "You have to travel so far to get through the extraordinary to the ordinary—and once you've travelled—you can't get back. But it's a long way through that wilderness of surprise. . . . You can't understand anything while you're surprised—you can't see anything from under raised eyebrows. You have to feel dully at home with the other fellow's facts—not explore them like a strange land. *That's what perspective is*—not studying things—not taking an intelligent interest in them—but just taking them for granted. The smell of a Dalston parlour—the way straw is plaited into a farm horse's tail—the sound of a creaky gear-change on a lorry—there's a way of getting through noticing these things—but just smelling and hearing and seeing them with forgetful senses. One mustn't have a point of view if one wants perspective—but there again—one mustn't want perspective—it's a sign of weakness and over-solidity—one must face heartlessly and facelessly every way at once—like air. . . . The 'busmen say, 'That's what I always say . . . that's the sort of man I am . . . ' all talking comfortably out of the red, shiny, hairy cases that enclose the 'sort of men' they are . . . all pressing their anxious vanity home for fear they should lose it. All convictions arise from vanity, I suppose; something about a conviction flatters some little tender area of self-doubt in us, and so we build up our ecstasy and enthusiasm on that, and nag our perspiring brains into inventing buttress-like arguments to protect our tottering edifice of conviction on that frail site of vanity. . . . Is it safe," Kay thought, "to lose your *I* as much as I have? How could I say, 'I always say,'? I never say. How could I say, 'I'm the sort of man who . . .'? I'm no sort of man at all. My hand—I open and close it, with a warm penny in the palm—it feels comfortable and blank as a hand should feel, all the bones fitting insensibly together. . . . The 'bus-conductor's hand fits as serenely round his ticket-clipping machine. Our bodies—his and mine—are immersed in the same warm forgotten air of ordinariness—of unaware awareness. What thin glass wall divides his ordinariness, his air, from mine? How does Gee know so well exactly where he ends and the 'bus-conductor begins? "

For Gee was saying, "And then again, every time one finds or loses a friend, or visits a new place or changes the position of one's bed, there's a sort of unexpectedly far-reaching shuffling of perspective. The very names of my friends are in my mind's eye dotted about like a herd of deer far and near—and if a near one dies or quarrels with me or goes to America, I see the whole herd with a new lonely sight, changing places as though they were dancing the Grand Chain. Sometimes, when you are well used to a place, you catch a glimpse, suddenly, like a dream, of the slant from which you first saw that place; it's like a lightning flash from another world—so alien—so fantastically alike yet different—like a room seen first by daylight and then by artificial light. *That something—I've called it light—feeling—perspective—facing—is really the essence*

and the whole of memory. We don't actually remember facts at all, I'm sure. That *something* accounts, I think, for the feeling we so often discuss—(especially with ardent young flappers during Comradely Talks)—of a thing happening to us that has happened before. It's an effect of perspective, that; the *facts* of the incident are certainly quite different—(otherwise we could surely identify them)—but something in the slant with which we see it—some trick of mental facing—is, by chance, the same. All our personality lies in that slant of sight—whether we're conscious of what we see or not—apart from that we shouldn't be us. . . ."

"But are we us?" asked Kay. His voice, however, was not so penetrating as Gee's. "This 'bus is a Number Six," said Gee, supposing himself to be answering Kay's question. "How far are you going in it? I myself am going to Pall Mall to attend a committee meeting on making post-school education available to working people. We live too much for ourselves. Where did you say you were going?"

"I'm going to the Strand," said Kay, "to put a shilling in a slot and be photographed eight times exactly as I am—at least," he added confusedly, speaking to the 'bus-conductor by mistake, "am I?"

STELLA BENSON.

THE DRAMA

EUGENE O'NEILL.

Gate Theatre Studio: "All God's Chillun."
Festival Theatre, Cambridge: "The Hairy Ape."

MR. EUGENE O'NEILL is coming before the English public according to the accustomed rule—"by slow gradation and well-balanced form." One of his plays has been censored. *C'est convenu*. But the censorship being fortunately snobbish as well as foolish the ban will probably be withdrawn in a few years as has already been done with "Ghosts," "Mrs. Warren's Profession," "Six Characters in Search of an Author," and other well-known plays. Also, in order to see Mr. O'Neill, we dive into the suburbs, vanish into the provinces, into all the holes and corners, where high-minded people live, move, and have their truncated and emaciated beings. Many famous authors, and the greatest of all, have never lived through their chrysalis stage. We still associate Ibsen with the suburbs and the provinces, with uncomfortable seats, inadequate rehearsals, and scratch companies. The dinginess of his decors has spread to the production.

Eugene O'Neill is going through this stage, though he wears his rue with a difference. The Festival Theatre at Cambridge hardly struggles with adversity. It is sure of an intellectual audience, and is the most advanced theatre in England. Nowhere else does the lighting play such fantastic tricks. The waiters and the brandy, in the restaurant, both come from the Café Royal, and you can have a special ice called after the theatre. There is the usual difficulty about keeping the best actors. But there is nothing shoddy about the performances. "The Hairy Ape" was very well acted, and very well produced. The catastrophe when the Hairy Ape is crushed by the Gorilla was skilfully resolved by means of the scene being thrown in shadow on to the back of the stage, where the struggle, grotesquely enlarged, takes on a hideous significance. I should have been happier if the lighting had been less chromatic, but that, no doubt, is because I have not lived sufficiently in Germany.

The Gate Theatre, too, avoids the genuine Victorian dinginess. Whatever may be its difficulties, you never feel it is a branch of the Fabian Society. The performance of "All God's Chillun" is well worth seeing on its own account. Considering half the cast are supposed to be black, the white company achieved a remarkable performance.

What after all this are we to think of O'Neill? First, and foremost, his best plays have considerable beauty, both

of language and imagination. You can always read any of them with pleasure. I sometimes however doubt whether he has any purely theatrical sense at all, whether anything comes from seeing his plays on the stage. "The Emperor Jones" was sublimely acted by Mr. Paul Robeson, but even he could not disguise the fact that the play is fundamentally untheatrical. M. Lenormand,* whose technique often resembles Mr. O'Neill's, with a less interesting mind has a far surer dramatic sense. His plays really are the better for being acted. Mr. O'Neill has devoted many years to a laudable effort to get the soliloquy back on to the stage. His attempt is admirable, for without the soliloquy the drama can hardly exist. But he has not as yet been ever quite successful. His most remarkable work is, I think, "Strange Interlude,"† at present running in New York. Here all the characters speak in two planes; first they utter their inward thoughts, then the actual words they address to the others on the stage. This development of a method, used in embryo form by Tchekov and pushed further by Mr. Elmer Rice and the Germans, reaches in "Strange Interlude" a catastrophic and heroic disaster. The play takes some six hours to play, and, so I am told and can well believe, the boredom is crushing. It is fascinating to read. The theatrical sense is not in itself a very interesting one. It is possessed by many dramatists I heartily dislike, and absent in many superb playwrights. Chapman has less of it than Sir James Barrie. But when you get it in an extreme degree, combined with all the other qualities, as in Ibsen, the only great dramatist to dispense with the soliloquy, the result is terrific. It is the real thing. Mr. Eugene O'Neill is a charming writer, sensitive, imaginative, and intelligent. We shall always be happy to read his plays, and then, full of benevolence and curiosity, go and see them acted. But if I cannot see him acted, I shall not feel outraged, as I feel outraged by the fact that I can so rarely see Ben Jonson or Ibsen.

FRANCIS BIRRELL.

PLAYS AND PICTURES

M. JACQUES COPEAU, the famous director of the now defunct "Théâtre du Vieux-Colombier," is giving a few performances in England with his new troupe, which acts mostly for the villagers of Burgundy. He has given matinées, at the St. James's Theatre, of "L'Illusion," an adaptation of a fifteenth-century play, and of "L'Ecole des Maris" and "Le Médecin malgré lui." M. Copeau has always been more literary than plastic in his approach to the drama, and what we have gained intellectually, we have sometimes lost visually, while witnessing the efforts of his theatre. "L'Ecole des Maris," one of the earliest of Molière's greatest plays, showed M. Copeau at his best. His scholarly approach and genuine intellectual restraint brought out all the pain implicit in this witty comedy where Molière displays a leanness and economy in which he is second only to Ibsen. M. Copeau's methods, when applied to "Le Médecin malgré lui," did not seem to me equally happy. His rather dry art did not quite bathe us in that light atmosphere of court charade which clings to the famous little farce. In fact, I found the performance a little heavy. One would have been glad of rather more fantasy and colour in the production, though no doubt M. Copeau was handicapped by having to "travel light," and by not having proper "sets." The production was, for all its virtues, a little dull to look at. In making these criticisms, one is naturally judging M. Copeau by the highest possible standards. In the years immediately before the war, he performed for the stage a work of which the values can hardly be overestimated, and it is only with the course of time that we can plainly see in what consists the strength and weakness of his production. He still has a tremendous amount to teach English producers. Is it too much to hope that we may soon see him with us again? The enthusiasm, with which a large audience greeted him, should encourage him to pay us another and a longer visit.

* "Three Plays." By H. R. Lenormand. (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.)

† "Strange Interlude." By Eugene O'Neill. (Cape. 7s. 6d.)

Miss Margery Fry (Principal of Somerville College), Sir Josiah Stamp, and the Earl of Lytton were the speakers at the annual meeting of the Caldicott Community, a boarding school for working men's children at Goff's Oak, Cheshunt, Herts. Miss Fry and Sir Josiah, both visiting the Community for the first time, emphasized the point that this is one of the few schools where the full potentialities of the children are worked out, and where they are trained not only for work (though how excellently this is done is shown by their success after leaving school—and that on three hours bookwork a day!) but for the fullest enjoyment of their capacities. Lord Lytton, who was elected a Vice-President and to the Council, said that it was only a year ago that he had visited the Community for the first time; his sympathy and wish to co-operate had been quickened by his association with the children themselves, who are able to expand and grow in this Community in a way which he had never seen equalled in any other of the many schools and institutions which he had visited. The children speak to you as man to man, and are as polite to the gardener as to the Prince of Wales, though perfectly at ease with the latter! He hoped that Miss Fry and Sir Josiah Stamp would continue to extend their interest in the school as he had been inspired to do.

Mr. Max Beerbohm has given the title of "Ghosts" to his new exhibition of caricatures which opened last week at the Leicester Galleries. Most of these drawings, indeed, are concerned with the figures of a vanished world of twenty, thirty, and even forty years ago, some of them made at the time, many of them during the last few years, out of a memory that retains subtly and keenly its visual impressions. Others of the people portrayed still flourish—"many of them as much as ever, or more than ever," as Mr. Beerbohm says in his letter at the beginning of the catalogue. It is an exhibition of extraordinary social and historical, as well as artistic interest, and Mr. Beerbohm's hand seems to have gained rather than lost, during recent years, in the suggestive charm of its elegant line and in its power to interpret his keen, sometimes biting, but almost always kindly, sense of humour, combined with witty and acute observation. There are a few sharp, impulsive sketches here, but, as always in his work, it is the delicate pencil-and-wash drawings, more reflective in feeling, that are the best. In the next room there is an exhibition of oil-paintings and water-colours by M. Vergé Sarrat: among the water-colours there are some very pleasing pictures, but he is less successful in his oil-paintings.

An extremely interesting exhibition of Modern and African Sculpture, which gives excellent opportunities of comparison of the works of English and French sculptors with primitive works and of tracing the influences of the latter upon them, is being held at the galleries of Mr. Sydney Burney at 13, St. James's Place. Among the modern pieces are several by Mr. Dobson, one by Mr. Epstein, and one by M. Maillol, also works by Miss Barbara Hepworth, Miss Dora Gordine, M. Ossip Zadkine, Mr. John Skeaping, and others. There are some very fine specimens among the African work: some of this is interesting primarily from the "curiosity" point of view, but some, such as the Benin "Panther" and the Gabon "Head," have great artistic beauty. These two pieces are among the finest known examples of African sculpture, and the "Head," in particular, is extremely satisfying in the subtlety of the relations of its planes. Among the moderns here M. Zadkine is the most obviously influenced by the Africans; the actual devices he uses, such as the scooping out of a plane and the marking of a transition of plane by linear relief, are borrowed direct from them. Their influence is also to be felt sometimes in the work of Mr. John Skeaping and Miss Hepworth, but though it is sometimes apparent in Mr. Dobson's earlier work, there is little of it to be seen in his work exhibited here.

The Christmas Cards which the Trustees of the British Museum have published this year include some additions to their charming coloured reproductions from illu-

minated manuscripts. These are in the form of two sets of Postcards and three larger reproductions in printed wrappers. One set of Postcards (B35) is taken from an MS. of "Le Régime du Corps" (late thirteenth century) and shows aspects of Mediæval Life. The other set (B36) is from a Book of Hours (late fourteenth century) and consists of Miniatures of Saints. The larger cards are "St. Francis appears to his Biographer" (No. 17); "St. Gregory with the Dove" (No. 18); "Dance in a Garden" (No. 19). The last is a beautiful Flemish illumination (fifteenth century) from an MS. of the "Roman de la Rose." These unique gift-cards add to the large and varied assortment already on sale at the Museum, and are to be had for the modest price of 1s. for each larger reproduction or set of six postcards. The postcards are also sold separately at 2d. each. An attractive and very original series of six Christmas Cards, intended for those who like to keep the Festival without laying undue stress on the time-worn symbols and sentiments usually associated with it, has been published by the Poetry Bookshop. These are on sale at 1s. each, and are designed by artists of to-day, and the verses on them composed by poets now living.

Another palatial new cinema establishment—the "Regal" at Marble Arch—was opened in London last week. The building is well designed, but its interior decoration surpasses all others for sheer vulgarity and bad taste: imagine a profusion of tree-trunks, foliage, virginia creeper, and bunches of grapes in plaster relief all over the walls, painted in a very unflattering imitation of nature, and above, a pergola, also adorned with bunches of grapes, through which are seen twinkling stars in a sky which changes colour according to the throbbings of a gigantic organ. Why, one wonders, should the lowest instincts of the great public always be pandered to in these matters? The principal film shown was a "Vitaphone" production "The Singing Fool," which consisted, more or less, of a series of "turns" and songs very well done by Mr. Al Jolson, strung together on a story of more than usually idiotic sentimentality and commonplaceness. The "Tivoli" cinema also reopened last week under new management, with two films which were distinctly above the average. The first was an English film, "Not Quite a Lady," adapted from St. John Hankin's "The Cassilis Engagement," well acted and photographed, and produced with intelligence and a real sense of humour by Mr. Thomas Bentley. Miss Norma Talmadge was the star of "The Woman Disputed," a story of the early days of the war on the Austro-Russian frontier.

Things to see and hear in the coming week:—

Saturday, December 8th.—

Harold Samuel, Bach Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Nicolas Orloff, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Vivian Langrish and Katharine Kendall, Pianoforte and Violin Recital, Victoria and Albert Museum, 8.

Sunday, December 9th.—

Mr. S. K. Ratcliffe, on "The Moral Revolt of Youth," South Place, 11.

Cortot-Thibaud—Casals, Concert, Royal Albert Hall, 8.

Monday, December 10th.—

A discussion between Miss V. Sackville-West and Mr. Hugh Walpole, the Wireless, 8-9 p.m.

Tuesday, December 11th.—

"Out She Goes," by Miss Lillian T. Bradley, at the Criterion.

The Erhart String Chamber Orchestra, Mortimer Hall, 8.30.

Miss Ellen Wilkinson, on "Women in Politics," Caxton Hall, 8.

Wednesday, December 12th.—

Lord Riddell, on "The Press and the League," the Wireless, 7 p.m.

Dr. T. J. Macnamara, on "The coming General Election: Parties and their Programmes," National Liberal Club, 8.15 (Liberal Candidates' Association).

Professor J. E. Lloyd, on "The Welsh Chronicles," British Academy Rooms, Burlington Gardens, 5.

Adela Verne, Pianoforte Recital, Wigmore Hall, 8.

Thursday, December 13th.—

"Hansel and Gretel" (Humperdinck), at the Old Vic, 7.45.

Peter Dawson, Song Recital, Æolian Hall, 8.15.

Friday, December 14th.—

Mr. Ben Greet, in Readings from Nativity Plays, The Guildhouse, Eccleston Square, 8.

Sir Herbert Samuel, on "Tendencies in Industry Today: What of the Future?", the Wireless, 7.25.

"These Pretty Things," by Miss Gertrude Jennings, at the Garrick (Matinée in aid of the Children's Country Holiday Fund).

OMICRON.

A BROOK

DISPLEASED with my half-written verse,
I rambled out at eve,
Only to find the queen of stars
Pale-wrapt in Heaven's sleeve.

I mused beside a whispering brook
To seek a word or line,
And there I found a better book
Of poetry than mine.

TAKEJI WAKAMEDA.

London Amusements.

MATINEES FOR THE WEEK.

COURT. Thurs., Sat., & Dec. 26, 28, 2.30. "THE CRITIC," etc.
DUKE OF YORK'S. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS.
DRURY LANE. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. SHOW BOAT.
FORTUNE. Thurs., Sat., 2.30. JEALOUSY.
GAIETY. Wed., Thurs., Sat., 2.30. TOPSY & EVA.
HIPPODROME. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. "THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."
KINGSWAY. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. "MRS. MOONLIGHT."

LONDON PAVILION. Tues. & Thurs., 2.30. THIS YEAR OF GRACE.
LYRIC, H'smith. Wed., Sat., & 27, 28, 2.30. A HUNDRED YEARS' OLD.
PLAYHOUSE. Wed., Thurs. & Sat., 2.30. EXCELSIOR.
PRINCES. Wed., Sat. & 24, 27, 28, 2.30. FUNNY FACE.
ROYALTY. Th., Sat., & Dec. 26, 28, 2.30. BIRD IN HAND.
ST. MARTIN'S. Mon., Tues. & Fri., 2.40. "77 PARK LANE."
WYNDHAM'S. Wed. & Sat., 2.30. "TO WHAT RED HELL."

THEATRES.

ALDWYCH. (Gerrard 2304.) NIGHTLY, at 8.15.
Matinees, Wednesdays and Fridays, 2.30.

"PLUNDER." A New Farce by Ben Travers.
TOM WALLS, Mary Brough, and RALPH LYNN.

COURT. (Sloane 5137.) "THE CRITIC."
Followed by "TWO GENTLEMEN OF SOHO."
EVENINGS at 8.30. MATS., THURS., SAT., & DEC. 26 & 28, at 2.30.

DRURY LANE. (Temple Bar 7171.) 8.15 precisely. Wed., Sat., 2.30.
"SHOW BOAT." A New Musical Play.

DUKE OF YORK'S. (Ger. 0313.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., 2.30.
"SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS."
MATHESON LANG ISOBEL ELSOM

FORTUNE Temple Bar 7373.
EVERY EVENING at 8.40. MATINEES, THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
"JEALOUSY." By Eugene Walter.
MARY NEWCOMB and CRANE WILBUR.

GAIETY. (Ger. 2780.) EVGS., 8.15. MATS., WED., THURS., SAT., 2.30.
DUNCAN SISTERS in Person.
"TOPSY & EVA."

HIPPODROME, London. Evenings, at 8.15. Gerrard 0659.
MATINEES, WEDS., THURS. & SATS., at 2.30.
"THAT'S A GOOD GIRL."
JACK BUCHANAN. ELSIE RANDOLPH.

KINGSWAY. Holborn 4032.
"MRS. MOONLIGHT." A New Play by Benn. W. Levy.
NIGHTLY, at 8.40. MATINEES, WED. & SAT., 2.30.

LYRIC Hammersmith. "A HUNDRED YEARS OLD."
EVENINGS at 8.30. MATS., WED., SAT., & DEC. 27 & 28, at 2.30.
Horace Hodges, Angela Baddeley, Nigel Playfair, Mabel Terry Lewis.

PLAYHOUSE. (Ger. 5162.) 8.30. Mats., Wed., Thurs., Sat. 2.30.
GLADYS COOPER in "EXCELSIOR." (LAST WEEK.)
Ernest Thesiger, Nigel Bruce, Athole Stewart, Hermione Baddeley.

THEATRES.

PRINCES. (Ger. 3400.) FUNNY FACE.
FRED ASTAIRE, ADELE ASTAIRE, and LESLIE HENSON.
Evenings at 8.15. Matinees, Wed., Sat., & Dec. 24, 27, 28, at 2.30.

ROYALTY. (Ger. 2690.) EVENINGS, 8.30. MATS., THURS. & SAT., 2.30.
"BIRD IN HAND."
A Comedy by JOHN DRINKWATER.
CHRISTMAS MATINEES, Dec. 26, 27, 28 & 29.

ST. MARTIN'S. (Gerr. 1243.) At 8.15. MATS., MON., TUES., FRI., 2.40.
"77 PARK LANE." By Walter Hackett.
HUGH WAKEFIELD and MARION LORNE.

SAVOY. Evenings, 8.30. Matinees, Monday, Wednesday & Thursday, 2.30.
"YOUNG WOODLEY."
FRANK LAWTON. KATHLEEN O'REGAN.

WYNDHAM'S (Reg. 3026.) EVGS., 8.30. MATS., WED. & SAT., 2.30.
"TO WHAT RED HELL."
SARA ALLGOOD, ROBERT HORTON, FREDERICK LEISTER.

CINEMAS.

EMPIRE, Leicester Square. Continuous, Noon—11 p.m. Suns., 6.0—11 p.m.
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"THE RIVER PIRATE."
Also Lew Cody in "TEA FOR THREE."

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Continuous, 2-11 p.m. Doors open 1.30.
sundays, 6-11 p.m. Doors open 5.30. See and hear
AL JOLSON in "THE SINGING FOOL."

STOLL PICTURE THEATRE. Kingsway. (Holborn 3703.)
DAILY, 2 to 10.45. (SUNDAYS, New Programme, 6 to 10.30.)
December 10th, 11th & 12th. CARLYLE BLACKWELL in "ONE OF THE BEST"; JESS DE VORSKA in "JAKE THE PLUMBER." Stage: JENNIE BLEASDALE, Soprano.
December 13th, 14th & 15th. CLARA BOW in "RED HAIR"; "PARISIAN PLEASURES," with Josephine Baker and The Tiller Girls. Stage: ZELLINI, Burlesque Juggler.

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

HEALY AND O'BRIEN

THE tragic history of England and Ireland from 1880 to 1922 may be read in two books just published, "Letters and Leaders of My Day," by Tim Healy (Thornton Butterworth, 42s.), and "The Life of William O'Brien," by Michael MacDonagh (Benn, 21s.). Mr. Healy's reminiscences are not very well written, and they are so jerky and disorderly that they are not easy to read, but the book is extraordinarily interesting; the authorized biography of O'Brien is a much better written book, and it gives one a good idea of the stormy life and character of O'Brien, but, like so many "authorized biographies," it is a little dull. The contrast between the two books is just what it should be, for Healy and O'Brien were always as different from one another as two men could well be. Until his amazing metamorphosis into a Governor-General Healy was always politically an Ishmaelite. His speeches, we are told, were masterpieces of icy wit and sardonic humour, and words of biting vindictiveness or fierce patriotism or intense religion dropped lazily from his lips in a drawl, without a trace of emotion, in the tone of voice in which, as it was once remarked, ordinary men say: "It's a wet day to-day." After the final split, Parnell called him a "gutter sparrow," and there was an element of truth in the description. In the pages of PUNCH he is represented as a little animal all covered with prickles and with a sting in place of a tail, and the caption runs: "He used to belong to a party of seventy, but he has turned the other sixty-nine out into the cold." No one, not even Parnell in a rage, would ever have called O'Brien a gutter sparrow. O'Brien, at his best, is said to have been a real orator. But his speeches were wildly emotional. He seemed to be entirely inspired by passion, and Mr. MacDonagh says that he never heard a speaker more suggestive "of an explosive and disruptive power." Yet really the cold and unemotional Healy was much more the wild Irishman of popular myth. Healy was always a disruptive element, O'Brien was the mediator and conciliator. Temperamentally he was a thinker and writer rather than a politician; "all my inborn sympathies," he wrote, "go out to the dreamer of dreams; to the delicious peace of the library."

Healy, on the other hand, was a born politician. Partly because of this—i.e., because he took such immense and all-absorbing pleasure in the "game" of politics—and partly because of his Ishmaelish temperament, he was also an impossible politician, at any rate where politics are carried on under the party system. It is amusing to find that, although his book is in many ways convincing as an apologia—that is to say, over and over again one agrees that Healy was right and his opponents wrong—yet it convinces one completely in the end that the only party, with Tim Healy a member, which could ever have escaped disruption must have been a party of one. He was by no means the only member of the Irish Party of which this can be said. Indeed, the more one studies the history of the Irish question in these biographies and autobiographies, the clearer does it become that the failure to solve it was due as much to the internecine stupidity of the Irish as to the political stupidity of the English. Mr. Healy speculates two or three times on what might have changed "the course of history," and the temptation to follow him on this path which, no doubt, inevitably leads one eventually to Cloudeuckooland is too strong to resist.

Mr. Healy implies that the course of history might have been changed at least twice in the year 1886. The first time was the moment when Gladstone formed his Cabinet. The personal lack of sympathy and understanding between Gladstone and Chamberlain resulted in Chamberlain's not getting a Secretaryship of State. According to Mr. Healy, Chamberlain smarted under the humiliation, and this "cost Ireland dear, and kept us thirty years in the wilderness." The second occasion was the night of the debate before the division on the first Home Rule Bill. Gladstone had sent a message to Parnell asking him to disclose what had taken place in 1885 at his interview with Lord Carnarvon at which an Irish Parliament had been discussed. Parnell refused. Mr. Healy says:—

"A disclosure of the Carnarvon interview would have smashed the opposition to the Bill. Hesitating Liberals (who were many) would have flocked into the Government lobby in spite of Chamberlain. . . . Had Parnell made on the Monday the disclosure which Lord Carnarvon made the next day, it would have changed the course of history."

Mr. Healy may be right or wrong in these particular speculations, but there can be no doubt that it is such little things which often turn the course of history this way or that. The French Revolution and the long-drawn-out Irish Revolution are two events, now historical, which, looked back upon, seem to be among the greatest monuments of human stupidity. In both cases an inevitable end was reached only after entirely useless resistance, struggle, bloodshed, misery. It seems incredible (unless one knows something about the rest of the history of the human race) that statesmen and politicians should have been so stupid as to involve the world in such unnecessary evils. It becomes credible if one reflects on one's experience in private life. In private life one knows that stupidity is not an uncommon quality of people, even of statesmen and politicians, and that stupidity and personal likes and dislikes play an enormous part in determining private events. Historians, searching for cosmic causes, have often neglected to observe that stupidity and personal animosities have often been important causes determining the course of history. And that leads me to my own speculation, which is that the personal animosities in the Irish Party (in which Tim Healy was never an onlooker), at all times, but particularly in 1890, had an important share in shaping events.

I have not left myself room to deal with the many-sided interest of Mr. Healy's two volumes. They are full of "good stories." To the political historian they are of the greatest value, though he may not always agree with Mr. Healy's interpretation of the facts. Finally, Mr. Healy's judgments on the various famous politicians, with or against whom he has acted during a long life, are always interesting. As between English Conservatives and English Liberals, his bias is naturally towards the Conservatives, but, even allowing for the bias, it is notable what a very high place he gives among Chief Secretaries to Gerald Balfour and George Wyndham. I have always suspected that Gerald Balfour's political abilities were underrated. Mr. Healy says:—

"In a retrospect of half a century I hold this Englishman to have been the ablest, most zealous, most unselfish, most painstaking, and best-equipped administrator that Ireland ever had under English rule."

LEONARD WOOLF.

REVIEWS

OUR STONE POPULATION

The People's Album of London Statues. Described by OSBERT SITWELL. Drawn by NINA HAMNETT. (Duckworth. 10s. 6d.)

BECAUSE he is a leader of that forlorn hope which wages ceaseless and quite unavailing war on stupidity and vulgarity, on the human race in general, that is, and the inhabitants of Great Britain and America in particular, Mr. Osbert Sitwell is a satirist. Minor prophecy would be the alternative, and preaching, or "prophesying," is not in his way. Yet he writes with a purpose, in this case no less a one than the melioration of public taste. Observing that the sculptors of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries filled Italy with handsome monuments, that in England during the seventeenth and early eighteenth the public display of agreeable objects was tolerated, and that at this moment we possess in Messrs. Dobson, Epstein, Gill, and Stephen Tomlin four sculptors of taste, not without talent, he sees no reason why the towns and villages of our native land should be cumbered with disgusting eyesores. He would like to see comely statues arising; still more would he like to see some of the more conspicuously hideous thrown down. So should I: but does Mr. Sitwell quite appreciate the bulk and density of that which stands between us and our desire? First, the powers; princes, potentates, mayors, ministers and Members of Parliament: then the people "who love all things beautiful": lastly, the Civil Service. Few, to be sure, of these waste much time admiring that "inanimate population" which, as Mr. Sitwell observes, slowly but surely is ousting us, animates, from our streets. But all, with rare exceptions, are capable of recognizing and spitting on a live work of contemporary art the moment it is shoved under their noses; and amongst the duties of the Royal Academy, the Committee of Taste, the police, and the newspapers is the bringing of any such work within range of the public organs. Also, the mere knowledge that something very bad has been bought at a great price and set up in a conspicuous place flatters public vanity and the plain man's sense of justice; for, by thus exalting the commonplace the plain man feels that he is putting his betters in their place—that is a little below him. I predict therefore that, in his main purpose, Mr. Sitwell will fail.

Happily, he has a second, to give pleasure to intelligent people; and in this he has succeeded. In a prefatory essay, and again in his notes on particular statues, his pleasing gifts are seen to great advantage. To an uncommon knowledge of what I should like to call "the outdoor arts"—architecture and monumental sculpture, town planning and embellishment, landscape gardening and decoration on the grand scale, he adds a pretty wit and a turn for self-expression. His reading is wide enough to make his entertaining historical sketch instructive as well. And when he comes to comment on the efficted worthies individually he uses and abuses his authorities with excellent cunning. By the way, his scholarship is at fault when he says that "in 1796 the Terror was still proceeding"; it is generally allowed that the Terror ended with the execution of Robespierre and the suppression of the Commune in July, 1794. But this is a slip hardly worth noting; what is worth noting is that at moments Mr. Sitwell rises above witty intelligence to become highly fantastical. The last part of this essay, in which means of "thinning out" the inanimate population are considered, is illuminated by flashes of fantasy which transcend mere humour.

"... others, preferably the effigies of orators, should be placed shoulder to shoulder at the foot of the Nelson column, there to form an attentive audience for some lesser public speaker; others, again, elevated in the Roman way on the tops of columns, or segregated on enormous concrete platforms, and placed so close together as to rival the manner in which they now jostle the living. ... Thus the frozen mob would assume a certain stony magnificence that is lacking in each separate figure."

"Cannot our surplus stone population be forced to emigrate, for if there is not room in England for all her people, why should there be room for her statues? ... Placed out in the boundless, wattle-covered deserts of Australia, in the snowy wastes of Upper Canada, by the fjords of

New Zealand, or as an islet in the rolling veldt, these frock-coated and whiskered effigies would find a more free and open life than huddled together in the Old Country; would take on a still more incongruous dignity."

Miss Hamnett's decorations are pretty. Also they are decorations. They could easily have been less. But being a reputable artist and not a popular illustrator, she had to make either decorations or works of art. Now a work of art expresses something, and all Miss Hamnett had to express was her amazed or amused contempt for most of the statues of London. Daumier, perhaps, might have done that plastically: all Miss Hamnett could have done would have been to crack a literary joke, and that Mr. Sitwell had done already. Very properly she confined herself to filling a page agreeably, showing incidentally what a much pleasanter place London would be if its embellishment were entrusted to her. It is not her fault if the publisher has made her look ridiculous by calling her "the most remarkable of the younger English draughtsmen," and adding that the fact "is well known." That is silly; but the silliness is not hers. Miss Hamnett has done her part agreeably and well, and has enhanced the value of a book which should be not only read but—and with Christmas coming on the fact is not negligible—possessed.

CLIVE BELL.

RECORDS OF AN OLD FAMILY

Long Forgotten Days (Leading to Waterloo). By ETHEL M. RICHARDSON. (Heath Cranton. 15s.)

THE roses that bloomed yesterday, to-morrow may be dying—but the trivialities of the day before are to-day of great importance. So it appears from the numbers of old family letters and kindred documents that are published. The phrase "a picture of the times" is designed expressly to accommodate and justify them all. For example, it enables Mrs. Richardson to hope for her readers' "very vital interest" in a diary of activities such as "Began cocoa for breakfast," "Went to Mrs. Pringle's disagreeable party"; and in a bundle of eighteenth-century letters far less laconic. The bulk of her volume (and its bulk is formidable) is made up of these letters, diaries, and other notes written by members and connections of the Stratford family in Ireland, beginning in 1738, some forty years before John Stratford became the first Earl of Aldborough. Mrs. Richardson's own share is confined mainly to arranging, introducing, and linking the documents presented. She has performed it adequately on the whole; although the general information necessary to prevent readers from floundering amongst her miscellany is apt to be scattered and perfunctory, while her comments on individual letters are often unilluminating redundancies expressed in slipshod English. She must, however, be given credit for sifting and chronologically placing a large mass of correspondence by various hands.

Most of the actual correspondence gives rise to an interest analogous to that of a picturesque countryside when, driven by an ambling horse, one has a train to catch. It is all charming, characteristic, well worth survey—but how long it takes to pass a given point! These eighteenth-century letter-writers had no trains to catch, nor did they hold with brevity of statement where long words and phrases could be used. Their letters are as ponderous and impressive as the ladies' headdresses; yet, from under them, the individual features still emerge. The effusions of old Lady Blaney—who believes Platonic Love a Chimera, who longs, but for her addressee's ignorance, to "lard my letters with French," and whose first husband had "an agreeable outside, but ... a terrible inside"—are unmistakable revelations of character. Equally typical is Dr. Shadwell's pompous and allusive humour, and his incessant preoccupation with State lottery tickets.

The slow-moving story leads through marriages, deaths, and family disputes; but the concluding chapters are of an entirely different nature. It was fortunate for Mrs. Richardson, if disastrous to the cohesion of her volume, that under an unusual will the Aldborough estate devolved on Sir William Verner, who fought in the Peninsular War and was wounded at Waterloo. At this point one forgets those

THE 100 BENN BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

¶ Some suggestions for making the best use of this page:—

1. Look out the list of those to whom you sent Christmas presents last year.
2. Add some new names and ensure that this year all overseas friends shall be remembered in time for early posting.
3. Mark on this page the book or books that will give the greatest pleasure to each.
4. Take the complete list of names and addresses together with the marked page to the bookseller's and he will do the rest.

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LAST THOUGHTS ON MARCEL PROUST.

Proust. By CLIVE BELL. (Hogarth Press. 5s.)

A FEW years ago, the present reviewer incurred a good deal of ridicule for writing a piece of autobiography under the guise of an essay on Proust. Mr. Bell, in this very witty and percipient little book, appears on occasion to be doing exactly the same thing himself. In fact nearly everything written about Proust by people who have read the book appears to be largely autobiographical. This is not fortuitous. On the contrary, it is the surest index to both the strength and weakness of the master. His is the book of the day, the one that has most profoundly influenced the sensibility of those Mr. Bell calls "The Edwardians." In reading him we do not have to make an effort to enter into the sensibility of a vanished age. In Proust, we know instinctively almost, we shall find what we feel about life. "A la recherche du temps perdu" is the most interesting book that has ever been written. Mr. Bell is clever enough to see that this is a very serious charge against a book. Is its appeal to a certain degree temporary? "By 1925," writes Mr. Bell, "Proust meant for me what seventy-five years earlier I suppose Balzac must have meant for people of my sort." I do not think the comparison with Balzac, a historian more of society than sensation, altogether happy. Substitute 150 years for seventy-five years, Rousseau for Balzac, and you will get a more exact equivalent. "La nouvelle Héloïse" provided to the late Louis the fifteenthers the emotional satisfaction that Proust has provided to the Edwardians. It is noteworthy that contemporary criticism on Rousseau has also the autobiographical note. And yet "La nouvelle Héloïse" is well-nigh unreadable.

Read "somebody of my sort"—Hazlitt, for example—on Rousseau. You can see his whole life has been changed by reading him, his whole attitude towards himself, "the fool of friendship and the dupe of love." "So that's how you feel," a candid friend might answer. "Well, that comes from reading too much Rousseau." Rousseau and Proust both provided the greatest need of a generation—an up-to-date recipe for being miserable. "The drawbacks of Jane Eyre," writes Mrs. Woolf, "are not far to seek. Always to be a governess and always to be in love is a serious limitation." Similarly we might say of Proust, "Always to be in love and always to be at a party is a serious limitation." Proust is far less vertical than Tolstoy. The number of things he leaves out is extraordinary. There is no friendship (except in the equivocal cases of *la petite bande* and life at Doncey), little politics (for the Dreyfus affair is only interesting as far as it affects the emotional relations of the protagonists), no work (unless you count Françoise and the waiters), no games, little of the ordinary material of life, of those things which Mr. Bell dismisses rather hastily as whisky and golf. Let us cut all the trimmings off Proust—his interest in painting and music, his love of scenery, his love of history (purely æsthetic functions), and what do we always get back to? A man in love at a party! And this is what we like, and is why we have all said that Proust is the most interesting author in the world. He expresses so perfectly what we all feel like when in love with somebody else, at a party.

Yet this is the part of Proust which will, I believe, date the quickest. Somebody will probably do it more helpfully for the Edwardians of the next reign. Is Proust then, after all, but another Rousseau, an irrigator of men's minds, but another milestone in the spiritual history of the human race? No, I do not think so. His permanent gifts are, as Mr. Bell is forced, almost against his will, to see, of the solid, old-fashioned order. He is an inventor of character. Oriane, Charlus, Bloch, Cottard, Françoise, and many others are

rapidly becoming old friends like Mrs. Bates, Lucien de Rubempré, Julien Sorel, and Jane Eyre. He has invented a world in which people will love to wander when that world has ceased to be. His treatment of character, though he found the germs of it in George Eliot, is revolutionary and of vast importance. His characters do not emerge from the book exactly as they were when they went in. They take on innumerable colours from their psychological and social activity. And yet they remain the same people all the time. Their two layers, the conscious and the subconscious (Mr. Bell cannot help employing the technique of psycho-analysis), are in continual eruption. Psychology gets more and more complicated. Proust has kept up with the race and moulded into art far denser material than his predecessors. Though some of this achievement will become commonplace, much will remain unique and personal.

Secondly, I believe future readers will pay more attention than is common to-day to the humour of Proust, which is strangely English in quality, of a large tolerant order, very rare in French writers. There is something jolly about it. It carries an air of boyish high spirits, which we, concentrated on his despairing philosophy, hardly notice.

Thirdly, and perhaps most important, his style. Proust has been severely attacked for his style. Here, I believe he will also stand to gain with posterity, who will find his long, tortuous, cumbrous periods simpler than we do to masticate, more familiar, easier to absorb in comfort. There will always be bad patches, of course. And the design of the book, owing to the author's death, is in many ways incomplete. I believe the style of Proust will wear better and better, and I will refrain from mentioning many stylists who will wear worse and worse. Everybody can think of some.

Mr. Bell's "Proust" is in some ways a palinode. It is suitable that a review of it should be couched in the same terms. Yet Mr. Bell remains sure of the one truth that matters, that "A la recherche du temps perdu" is the greatest work of art that twentieth-century literature has so far produced.

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Britain and the War: A French Indictment. By GENERAL HUGUET. Translated by CAPTAIN H. COTTON MINCHIN. (Cassell. 15s.)

It is salutary, though not always pleasant, for any nation, sometimes to see its achievements, its policy, and its character, through foreign eyes. The title of General Huguet's book looked promising, and the General himself, who was French military attaché in London from 1904 to 1912, and later, Chief of the French Military Mission attached to the British Expeditionary Force, had experience that should qualify him to appraise with understanding and sympathy, however critically, the British effort in the Great War.

Unfortunately, the title is a complete misdescription of the book. The volume consists (exclusive of index, &c.), of 236 pages. Of these, the first thirty contain a short sketch of British military organization before the war, and of the "conversations" between the French and British staffs. Then, 134 pages are devoted to a sketchy, rather carping, and highly controversial account of the British share in the first five months' operations in France and Flanders; 38 pages more cover the whole of 1915. In the remaining thirty odd pages General Huguet disposes of the character, policy since the war, and future prospects of the British nation.

To call such a book "Britain and the War" is absurd, and misleading. Nor is there any indictment of Great Britain in the analysis of the first seventeen months' operations on the Western front. Its purpose is to show that Lord French's defects as a commander rendered the co-operation of the British Army less effective than it might have been under better leading. The picture of the British General, as continually playing Dr. Watson to the Holmes of his French colleagues, is cleverly done; but the writer's animus is so obvious as to blunt his criticisms. Few people would now assert that French maintained his reputation in 1914-15; but he will be finally judged by more serious studies, both in French and in English. On General Huguet's own showing, he had some very difficult people to co-operate with.

The real fun begins when General Huguet sets himself to examine the national character and *post-bellum* policy of the Ally who "throughout four years, never failed to bring her [France] loyal and faithful support." The British, we learn, are fine, healthy animals, practical, and honest and simple in daily life; but they dislike thinking, they are incapable of spiritual religion, love, pity, or remembrance of the dead, and they have a low standard of sexual morality. They are governed by the Jews; their policy is guided solely by "the power of money and the search for material gain"; Emerson didn't like them, and their war books never mention the great deeds of the French Army (an accusation supported by one quotation—with asterisks—from Mr. H. G. Wells). "It will be seen from this short analysis that the English character is simple and hardly subtle." At any rate the analysis is so. It has the sweet simplicity of a particularly insular English tourist's deductions after six weeks in France.

From the British character, "deeply selfish and egotistic like all animal natures," it follows that Great Britain's one idea, when the war was over was "peace, general peace . . . in order to allow, as quickly as possible, the resumption of business," coupled with a desire to maintain the balance of power in Europe. France, "noble and sensitive of heart," has continually found Great Britain in the way "in the question of reparations and our relations with Germany." The British keep "their pity and indulgence for that perfidious race which only yesterday prepared and let loose, through arrogance and cupidity, hideous catastrophe," and attempt to reduce French armaments "under the plea of universal peace" and illusory guarantees.

Fortunately "the uncongenial race, whose overthrow would be generally welcomed throughout the world with a sigh of relief and deliverance," have already entered on their decline; the Dominions will inevitably secede, and Great Britain can be bombed from the air. As she becomes more and more dependent on French support she will become more and more complaisant.

General Huguet's book would be significant only if it could be taken as typical of educated French opinion. So to take it would be to commit a generalization as rash as any of his own. It remains only to add that the book is dedicated to Sir Henry Wilson, and by a master-stroke of bad taste, has for a frontispiece a photograph of the memorial to the British dead in the Great War.


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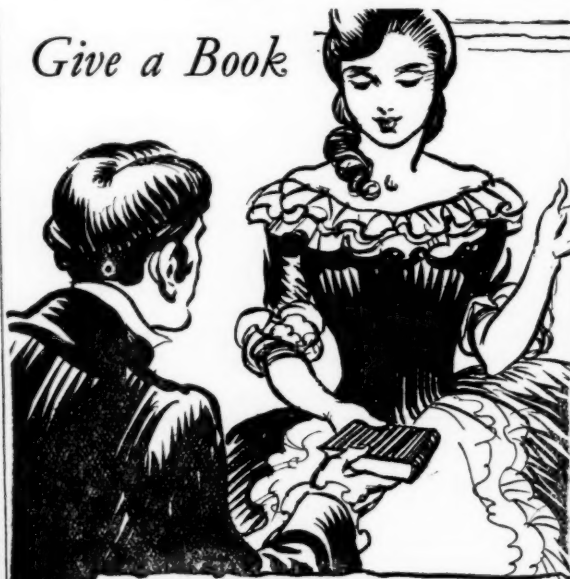
THESE two books are interesting contributions to the re-evaluation of Victorianism which seems to be the almost sole function of biography at present. They are both original; they are both, that is to say, very unlike an imitation of Mr. Strachey; they are also very unlike each other. Mrs. Williams-Ellis shows us Ruskin, with the Victorian world closing him round; Mr. Kingsmill shows us the Victorian world, with Arnold sometimes emerging, sometimes disappearing for long periods behind thick folds of the fog. Mrs. Williams-Ellis's is the better biography; Mr. Kingsmill's is the more brilliant and fascinating book.

Mrs. Williams-Ellis's most deadly weapon is a relentless sympathy which spares Ruskin nothing. The story is very quietly told; the moral emerges only here and there; judgment, except in the rather sensational peroration, is so completely suspended that we are left perfectly free to make our own, and are given no choice then as to what it must be. Ruskin's absolute dependence on his parents until, too late for his good, they were taken away; his extraordinary relations—if they could be called such—with his wife; his infatuation late in life with the young girl, Rose la Touche; the final breaking up of his mind; the end in impotence and helplessness: all is told with an extremely effective clarity, and all the strands of the tragedy are kept almost neatly separate. The book is the actual story of a life; it is at the same time a sort of demonstration. If Mrs. Williams-Ellis's style were equal to her understanding this might remain as the standard life of Ruskin. But she is inclined to relapse for stretches into a fatal pedestrian ease; she does not rise always with the theme; and the title of the book is, indeed, too ambitious for the story as she sets it out. There is abundant pathos, mixed with farce, in the story; there is no sense of tragedy. That there is no tragedy, it is true, may be Ruskin's fault more than hers; but the assumption is hers at any rate, and it is scarcely borne out.

The book, however, is sincere and moving; it is a sustained effort of sympathetic insight; and it is easily the best as well as frankest portrait of Ruskin that has yet been attempted.

The arrangement of Mrs. Williams-Ellis's book is admirable; the arrangement of Mr. Kingsmill's is chaotic in the extreme. When we turn a page we do not know what we will be reading next: it may be an analysis of "The Idylls of the King," a disquisition on the ethics of biography, an inquiry "into the reasons which lead certain men to concern themselves with the betterment of a nation or of mankind in general," or the stories, retold wittily, of Moses and Rebekah. All these parentheses have some bearing, no doubt, on the story of Arnold; but they tend to keep on lengthening until, not without relief, we forget about Arnold for pages on end. Mr. Kingsmill has used biography as many writers use the novel, to say a great number of things only tangentially connected with the subject in hand. There is nothing to be said for the method as a method; the irrelevancies in a book like this are only justified by their intrinsic interest. Fortunately Mr. Kingsmill is so interesting that it would be mere pedantry to insist on the biography and overlook the book. His presentation of Arnold suffers from every conceivable fault; yet his criticism of Arnold is probably the best that has yet been written. The chapter on "Dawnism," again, the inquiry into the reasons why men concern themselves with the betterment of mankind, is an irrelevancy largely, yet it is one of the most brilliant things in the book. The criticism of Arnold's poetry, the exposure of the contented shallowness of his propagandist writings, the analysis of the reasons which made him in his later critical essays consistently prefer the inferior to the best: all this, again, is of great value. Mr. Kingsmill has, perhaps, not seen Arnold steadily and seen him whole; but he is penetrating, no matter what subject, near or remote, he touches. Nothing could be better than his exposure of one of Arnold's favourite illusions: "It is the business of the critical power to make an intellectual situa-

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tion of which the creative power can profitably avail itself." Mr. Kingsmill simply gives a list of the names representing the literature from which Arnold wished to deliver England, and another representing that which his criticism was to inaugurate. To do things like this, Arnold himself was fond of insisting in other connections, is to help the reader to see the object as in itself it really is. Mr. Kingsmill has an amusing chapter on "Objects as in themselves they really aren't." They make up an extraordinary list: the suggested English academy; Heine, the brave soldier in the battle for human liberation; Rebekah as the incarnation of the high ethical sense of Israel; Senancour; Eugenie de Guerin, perhaps not "exactly to be classed with Pascal"; Abraham Lincoln without "distinction"; the soul saying "You hurt me," while authors go on making books concerned with "the delirium of the passions," and other unpleasant things: the list is a long and witty one. For the first time, in short, most of Arnold's favourite theories are examined fundamentally. Mr. Kingsmill's exasperation is sometimes exasperating to the reader, it is true; but, making every discount, this is one of the most penetrating pieces of criticism as well as one of the wittiest books that have appeared for a long time.

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LOVE AND THUMBSCREWS

Three Reformers: Luther—Descartes—Rousseau. By JACQUES MARITAIN. (Sheed & Ward. 7s. 6d.)

Of the beauty of M. Maritain's thought and of the elegance of its expression there can be no two opinions. But in spite of this, indeed, because of this, readers of this charming and subtle book will be well advised to have their wits about them; for M. Maritain begs a question as one conferring a benediction, and never seems more sweetly reasonable than when he is beside the mark. Take, for instance, his major assumption that Luther, Descartes, Rousseau, "each for very different reasons, dominate the modern world, and govern all the problems which torment it," that they are "in very truth the begetters of the modern consciousness"; is that really so self-evident a proposition that it needs no demonstration? Even if we pass this assumption and proceed to consider M. Maritain's treatment of his chosen trio individually, we find him continually confusing the issue.

We may admit, of course, that if there are any remaining who believe that Luther was a religious person in the sense that Thomas Aquinas and Thomas à Kempis were religious persons, the portrait, the very true portrait, that M. Maritain has drawn of the champion of Protestantism, should convince them of their error. We may even admit M. Maritain's charges against Rousseau of his sloppy naturalism, ignorant primitivism, and indecorous innocence. But why should Descartes, the amiable mathematician and philosophic systematist, be put in the dock between the two other culprits? Because, apparently, Descartes, who at least had the wit to see that a mechanical conception of nature was necessary to a scientific study of it, arrogated to himself an intuitive intelligence which is to be allowed only to the angels, whoever they may be.

M. Maritain's accusation against each of the men he has arraigned is that he diverted men's minds from the Thomist philosophy, which is here expounded at its most persuasive and most lovable; and to enforce this accusation he seems to imply that the political and secular activities of the Papacy were at some time or another governed by the doctrines of "the angelic doctor." The particular period at which this happened has escaped the historian. The Reformation, no doubt, was in the main an ugly political business, but if presbyter was soon seen to be priest writ large, it was also seen presently to be priest writ impotent, and for that unintended gift we must needs be grateful. If M. Maritain can bring Aquinas back without the Holy Inquisition, well and good; but for all the mellifluousness of his advocacy there is a flavour of authority in its sweetness, and authority is ecclesiastical for thumbscrews.

THE ROTHSCHILDS

The Reign of the House of Rothschild. By COUNT CORTI. Translated by BRIAN and BEATRIX LUNN. (Gollancz. 25s.)

THE present volume deals with the history of the Rothschilds between 1830 and 1870. By 1830, the system was perfected. The methods are unpleasant, whether your sympathies are nationalist, as distinct from Jingoist, or Socialist, or perhaps even if they are Capitalist. The Rothschilds seem to have been the masters of men, but the puppets of the events produced by the passions and the interests of those men. They helped to keep the European peace in 1830, but to what extent was a real war then a menace? Nathan, in London, writes to James, in Paris: "It would be as well for you to tell the King [Louis Philippe] that he must hold himself aloof, and not trifle with England, for she is not to be trifled with. I shall go and see Talleyrand to-morrow. England has no faith in your Ministers, who want nothing but revolutions. . . . Your King and his Ministers have only to show that they don't want war: they must not change their tone from day to day. Go to the King and tell him that Peel, Palmerston, and Wellington are coming into power." It is almost as good as a novel by Disraeli. But, unfortunately, the motives for keeping the peace were far less generous than the motives for making war. Not, of course, that the Rothschilds were unprepared to make war. Nathan endeavours to secure armed English intervention in Spain, in 1835, and finances the raising of a volunteer regiment, mainly with the view of protecting certain quicksilver mines. It is almost as good as a novel by Anatole France: "Dans la Troisième-Zélande nous avons tué les deux tiers des habitants afin d'obliger le reste à nous acheter des parapluies et des bretelles." However, it would be unjust to maintain that, whatever their motives were, and motives are usually mixed, the Rothschilds did not, on the whole, exert a beneficial influence in Europe.

Count Corti is an able historian of the scientific type, and his work shows the merits and defects of his school. From the vast mass of material, a clear and impartial narrative emerges, but the people scarcely come to life. The three great brothers, Nathan, Solomon, and James, exist in his pages as disembodied, financial intellects. But the book is a revelation. It will come with rather a shock to the average mind, fed once on text-book history.

ON THE EDITOR'S TABLE

THE following are biographical works recently published: "William, Prince of Orange," by Marjorie Bowen (Bodley Head, 18s.), which deals with the first twenty-four years of William's life; "Napoleon and His Family," Vol. II., Madrid-Moscow, 1809-1813, by Walter Geer (Allen & Unwin, 18s.); "The Farington Diary, Vol. VIII., 1815-1821" (Hutchinson, 21s.); "Inigo Jones," by J. Alfred Gatch (Methuen, 12s. 6d.).

The Scholartis Press issue Spenser's "Complaints," a critical text edited with notes by Professor Renwick (7s. 6d.). "Shakespeare in Serbia," by Vladeta Popovic (published for the Shakespeare Association by Humphrey Milford, Oxford Press, 10s. 6d.), deals both with translations of Shakespeare and his influence.

"Studies on Malaria," by Sir Ronald Ross (Murray, 5s.), gives the facts with regard to Sir Ronald Ross's work up to date, and has a chapter on practical considerations.

"The Marriage Crisis," by Ernest R. Groves (Longmans, 10s. 6d.), discusses such subjects as whether marriage is out of date, whether the family must disappear, and whether there is "a new morality."

"The Tragedy of the Italia," by Davide Giudici (Benn, 12s. 6d.), gives the story of General Nobile's flight told by the correspondent of the *CORRIERE DELLA SERA*, who was on board the "Krassin."

"The Librarian" and Simpkin Marshall publish a second revised and enlarged edition of "A Dickens Dictionary," by Alex. J. Philip and W. L. Gadd (21s.).

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REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES

THE "Round Table" has a leading article called "A Plea for an Independent Foreign Policy." There are also: "Reparations and War Debts"; "Imperial Communications"; "The Return of the Commission to India"; and "Industrial Misgivings." In the "Fortnightly," "Truvor" writes on "Foreign Policy without Sentiment," where large matters are settled in a rather casual way, and some of the arguments for a *rapprochement* between Germany and England are surely not quite above reproach. "Furthermore, to pursue our inquiry without sentiment, who said that in the next war (if there must be one) England and Germany are to be opposed? Our soldiers and politicians seem unable to realize that international relations are dynamic and not static. Let us by all means disarm, but let it be a general movement, and not simply the disarming of the nation which may be our next ally." The "Nineteenth Century" has "The Problem of British Foreign Policy," by Charles Petrie. This article is the very antithesis of the one by "Truvor"—for while he is prepared to settle the most delicate and subtle problems of foreign relationships out-of-hand, Sir Charles Petrie advises us to abstain from all unkind criticisms of the Foreign Office. "In these days of Dominion autonomy on the one hand and of an apathetic electorate on the other, Sir Austen Chamberlain and Lord Cushendun have a hard enough task without being vilified, not only before their fellow-countrymen, but before foreigners as well, by every critic whom a Cook's tour on the Continent has made an expert on international politics." The "Contemporary Review" has "Independence and Peace," by Charles Hobhouse.

There are some interesting articles on specific foreign problems this month. G. E. R. Gedyne writes in the "Contemporary Review" on "The Fascist Factor in Austrian Politics," and J. H. Harris has a paper, in the same journal, called "Salving the 'Outcasts of the War,'" which has special reference to the plight of the Armenians. "The position to-day," writes Mr. Harris with regard to the colonization at Erivan, "is that Dr. Nansen has been requested to go forward with such private resources as he possesses and the Assembly of the League of Nations, at its recent meeting, gave its blessing to the scheme . . . but, up to the present, they have graciously allowed Dr. Nansen to go forward, making his bricks without straw!" The same paper has an article by Gaetano Salvemini on "The Problem of Italian Over-Population." There is also "Chinese Labour and Western Responsibilities," by Count Sforza. In the "Fortnightly," E. W. Polson Newman writes on "The New Finland," and there is a paper by George Leslie Shaw on "The Future of Manchuria."

There are three articles on the new President of the United States. An American writes enthusiastically in the "Round Table": "The man is massive, the circumstances of his election are momentous, and his responsibilities are far-reaching. There is just a chance that he will one day be regarded as the greatest President in the history of the United States." In the "Contemporary Review," S. K. Ratcliffe remarks that "He (Hoover) will be for a final solution of Reparations, a free Rhineland, a Continent moving at last into normal conditions, the normal conditions of self-healing. It is in the still uncharted spheres of commercial world rivalry that we shall meet President Hoover, and he will be a formidable new influence." J. D. Whelpley, writing in the "Fortnightly," is more conservative in his estimate: "The great responsibilities which fall upon the shoulders of a man as soon as he comes into such power as that possessed by the President of the United States have a sobering effect and tend to induce a caution and conservatism in action which may not be entirely natural to the nature of the man holding the office. No radical changes in the domestic or foreign policies of the United States are to be expected in the immediate future."

On Home Affairs we have: "The Migration Crisis," by David Lamb ("Empire Review"); "The Air Defence of Great Britain," by Colonel de Watteville ("Fortnightly"); and "The Empire and the Worker's Standard of Life," by Haden Guest ("Nineteenth Century").

"Life and Letters" has an article on George Herbert by F. L. Lucas; Hope Mirrlees writes on "Bedside Books," and there are three poems by Camilla Doyle.

The "Dominant: a musical periodical," is always lively and intelligent, and this month's number is a particularly good one. There is an article by the Editor, Edwin Evans, called "A Wunderkind," on Mr. Edgar Wallace's attitude to

concerts; "Stereoscopic Views III.: Gustav Holst," by Bernard van Dieren and Richard Capell; "The Rhythm of Music and the Rhythm of the Age," by Leonid Sabaneev, and a very sensible paper on "Applause," by Basil Maine.

"Experiment" is the first number of a Cambridge literary effort. "We are concerned," says the foreword, "with the intellectual interests of undergraduates . . . not a line in these pages has been written by any but degreeless students or young graduates." There are essays on "Beauty: a Problem and an Attitude to Life" (W. F. Hare), and "Design and the Theatre" (Humphrey Jennings), a good many poems, and some exercises in the manner of Gertrude Stein.

"Chambers's Journal" has a double number for Christmas, with many extra pages of stories.

NEW GRAMOPHONE RECORDS

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AMONG the most enjoyable records recently issued must be reckoned two duets sung by Miriam Licette and Dennis Noble from Mozart operas, "The Manly Heart" from "The Magic Flute," and "La ci darem" from "Don Giovanni" (12-in. record. 9503. 4s. 6d.). The record would be still more enjoyable had the duets not been sung in English. Mr. Coates, tenor, sings a good song in "The Knotting Song" of Purcell, but it is a pity that he overdoes things; on the other side he sings "Take a pair of sparkling eyes" from "The Gondoliers" (9506. 4s. 6d.). Dino Borgioli and Gino Vanelli sing two duets from Puccini's "Bohème" (D1634. 4s. 6d.), and Lomanto, tenor, two arias from "Rigoletto" (5060. 3s.). Another good operatic record is "Lend me your aid," from Gounod's "Queen of Sheba," sung by Francis Russell, tenor (9508. 4s. 6d.).

The most interesting orchestral record is Stravinsky's "Petrouchka," played by the Symphony Orchestra, conducted by the composer (Three 12-in. records. L2173-5. 6s. 6d. each). It is a very good performance, but Stravinsky's music is so wedded to the ballet here that one feels even more than usually that something is missing. Sir Henry Wood and the New Queen's Hall Orchestra give a spirited performance of the popular "William Tell" Overture (Two 10-in. records. 5058-9. 3s. each), and so does the French Garde Républicain Band of the Entr'acte of "Carmen" (9504. 4s. 6d.).

Mr. Tertis plays Beethoven's variations on a theme from "The Magic Flute," arranged for the viola, with his usual skill (12-in. record. L2172. 6s. 6d.), and Szigeti plays on the violin a charming Bach "Bourrée in B minor" and a Brazilian dance (10-in. record. D1633. 4s. 6d.).

Of the lighter records we can recommend Polonaise, Introduction, and Romance, from "Mignon," played by the J. H. Squire Octet (9507. 3s.); "Japansy" and "Baby's Blue," sung by Layton and Johnstone (5066. 3s.); and of dance records "Two Lips" and "Twelve O'Clock Waltz," Charlie Kunz and his Chez Henri Club Band (5077. 3s.), and "Driftwood," fox-trot, and "That's Grandma," Paul White-man (5071. 3s.).

EDUCATIONAL RECORDS

OF the new batch of educational records, issued by the International Educational Society and Columbia (4s. 6d. each), perhaps the best is "The Covenant of the League of Nations," by Viscount Cecil (D40092-3). Other good lectures are: "Vitamins," by Professor Bancroft (D40090-1); "Talks on Hygiene, No. 1," by Dr. Saleeby (D40081); and "George Eliot," by Elizabeth Haldane (D40079-80). Professor Parsons gives his second interesting lecture on "The Englishman through the Ages" (D40084-5); Professor Fraser Harris continues his series with "How we defend ourselves from our invisible foes" (D40088).

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earnestly appeal for help in paying off this loan. The Society is very anxious to be clear of this heavy burden by the end of this year. A most important work is being carried on in the Society's various Homes in London and the Country and in the Training Ship 'Arethusa.' Money has to be found daily to feed, clothe, and educate over 1,100 children.

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When responding, please mention "The Nation and Athenæum."



THE OWNER-DRIVER

THE PASSING OF THE DICKEY SEAT

COVENTRY is a cheery place to visit in these days. A couple of months ago the fear was entertained there that the city was in danger of losing some of its prestige as an automobile manufacturing centre, but some of its new models found so much favour at Olympia that more skilled men are being advertised for. One firm has had the good fortune to anticipate "a fashionable line" in motor cars, and is running night and day, producing what is now well known as the "Sportsman's Coupé" type of body for the Rover 10-25 h.p. chassis as well as the two-litre six-cylinder model.

The conviction has been expressed in this column that the two-seater-with-open-dickey type of body is doomed. The Sportsman's Coupé has stuck the nail in its coffin, and I have good reason for stating that one of the biggest men in the industry has given instructions to his factory to turn out no more bodies with dickey seats. He says he agrees with me that there is not a more pitiable sight in the motoring world than two children on an outside seat on a nasty wet day, and that a couple of cosy rear seats in a coupé need cost no more than the unsociable "dickey."

Even the cheapest cars of 1928 are little palaces of luxury in comparison with "The Old Brigade," and cars are going to be more luxurious still in 1929. For open models we must admit there is "nothing like leather" for upholstery, but there is no reason why we should be content with leather for saloons and coupés. It is certainly not the ideal trimming for a cold winter's day. Plain-faced cloth in delicate shades was used in some of the most expensive cars shown at Olympia, but its popularity cannot extend beyond "my lady's" luxury carriage, because it soils so quickly, but there will be placed on the market shortly some exquisite Jaspé designs and colours in pile moquette, suitable for any type of enclosed coachwork. It is beautiful to look upon, and irreproachable for summer and winter alike. Owner-drivers who view with sadness the shiny back of a good overcoat through rubbing against a leather-upholstered seat will soon learn to appreciate the virtue of a smart pile moquette, so durable that even in a public coach it outlasts the vehicle itself.

It is within my knowledge that firms who have had a few sample cars upholstered in this material have already placed substantial orders with the manufacturers, and a big contract for a rather cheaper quality has just been signed by one of the largest motor car firms in the country. This recognition of moquette as an automobile upholstery will do something to assist the Yorkshire textile industry.

One of the most interesting letters I have received of late comes from a reader in British East Africa, who says he finds it difficult to judge from the articles in our motoring Press whether the cars described are suitable for use in the outposts of the British Empire. He sends me a few critical comments upon the American and Continental cars he has owned, and asks if I can assist him to choose a sound six-cylinder British production that will give better service. I think he will agree, when he receives all the information sent in reply, that I have spared no effort to help him to a wise decision. He gave a list of the makes in which he was interested, and I have asked the manufacturers not only to furnish me with all the technical information needed, but also to give some idea as to what a car will cost at the nearest port.

This correspondence is enlightening. The manner in which three firms have responded is most cheering, because it indicates that they appreciate the difficulties of a patriotic Englishman, many thousands of miles away, who wants to buy from Britain.

One export manager states the cost of packing one of his saloon cars, and gives certain statistics about the size and weight of the case, &c., but leaves it to my correspondent "to calculate the landed cost!" I presume this official has all the information he needs to make the calculation himself, without leaving it to an inexperienced layman. This is hardly the way to encourage his countrymen abroad to send their orders to the Old Country.

RAYNER ROBERTS.

Bona-fide readers of THE NATION may submit any inquiries to our Motoring Correspondent for his comments and advice. They should be addressed: Rayner Roberts, THE NATION AND ATHENÆUM, 38, Great James Street, W.C.1.

FINANCIAL SECTION

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

"SELECTIVE" SLUMP—PATENT ISSUES— $4\frac{1}{2}$ PER CENT. TREASURY BONDS—FORD—BURMAH

TO public anxiety over the King's illness is popularly attributed a good deal of the slowing-down of business on the Stock Exchange. The withholding of buying orders, which is perhaps natural at such a time, has accentuated the reaction in the industrial share markets. Those who were careful to talk of a "selective" boom this year are now talking of a "selective" slump. The "general business" index of the INVESTOR'S CHRONICLE securities index number (100 = December 31st, 1923) fell in November from 153.3 to 149.0, which compares with the peak level of 161.8 on April 30th. If an investor had put £1,000 into each of the following groups at January 30th of this general business index—rails, brewery, chemicals, coal, iron and steel, gas and electricity, hotels and catering, newspapers, shipping, silk and other textiles—he would have now suffered a depreciation of $15\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on his investments. He would only have been able to make money out of the 1928 "selective" boom if he had been lucky in buying "specialities" in the miscellaneous section. We can see no hope for any revival in the industrial share market until the mass of new issues has been digested. Up to December 1st the total of new issues (omitting conversions) was £349.7 millions, against £327.1 millions in the corresponding period of last year.

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The truth is that many of the speculative new issues offering shares of low denomination are not worth digesting. Some even call for an emetic. It is alarming to find that fifty-one companies this year—to quote the figures of the ECONOMIST—have invited subscriptions from the public of approximately £10,000,000 to exploit new patents. Some 257 inventions formed the subject-matter of the various prospectuses, and of these 188 had not even been granted a patent, being merely "applications" filed at the Patent Office. Of the fifty-one companies only twenty-two had any fixed assets. Yet the total price paid for the rights acquired was no less than £6,173,804, of which £4,802,189 (78 per cent.) was paid in respect of patents and goodwill. Only in fifteen out of the fifty-one cases was an effort made to try out the invention on a commercial scale before the date of the public issue. These figures reveal a scandal of which more will be heard.

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The Government's offer of $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury Bonds, 1932-34, at 99 has had a curious effect upon the gilt-edged market. The bonds maturing in February, 1929, which are offered special terms of conversion into the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds, are held mostly by banks and discount houses. While the interest on the National War bonds, if "inscribed," is paid without deduction of tax, the interest on the new $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds, being bearer bonds, is paid after deduction of tax. Hence the foreign banks or other foreign holders, instead of converting from the maturing Nationals into the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds, have been selling and buying 5 per cent. War Loan, the interest on which is paid to foreign holders without deduction of tax. Five per cent. War Loan has therefore risen to $102\frac{1}{8}$, although the price contains only about 12s. 6d. accrued interest. This alters our immediate view of 5 per cent. War Loan which, being in short supply, seems likely to maintain its price. British holders of the maturing 1929 bonds will be content to convert into $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury bonds which, allowing for the $\frac{1}{4}$ per cent. commission, they can acquire at £98 11s. 8d. The option to convert the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds into 4 per cent. Consols at £112 Consols for £100 bond from July 16th to July 31st next, gives the chance to those acquiring the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds at £98 11s. 8d. of getting 4 per cent. Consols at under 88, present price being 88 5-16. It is therefore cheaper to buy the maturing 1929 bonds and convert them into $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Treasury bonds than to apply for the $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. bonds at 99.

The forthcoming issue by the Ford Motor Company is an event of more than market importance. It will show the motor industry (pace Mr. Morris and Sir H. Austin) how to organize its business, it will bring hope to thousands of unemployed, and it will cause some millions of pounds to be spent in materials and wages in this country. Mr. Henry Ford has determined to build an enormous factory on 300 acres of land at Dagenham, Essex. The plant, which will be the largest motor manufacturing plant in the world outside the United States, will have an ultimate capacity of 200,000 cars per annum. The existing Manchester plant will be used for the assembly of Ford cars, and the Cork plant for the manufacture of Fordson tractors. About 20,000 employees will be engaged eventually at Dagenham, Manchester, and Cork. The Ford Motor Co. Ltd. will take over the Ford Motor Co. (England) Ltd., and all the Continental Ford companies, whose assets are valued at October 31st, 1928, at about £4,800,000, and whose earnings in the past four years have averaged £922,189. It will have a capital of £7,000,000, of which £4,200,000 will be subscribed by the Ford Motor Co. of Dearborn, Michigan, and £2,800,000 issued to the British public. The issue will not be underwritten, but the Ford Motor Co. of Dearborn will take up any part not subscribed.

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The new Ford model "A" is now being produced and sold in the United States and Canada at the rate of over 5,500 cars per day. Over 5,000 cars have been delivered to purchasers in Great Britain and Ireland. Last year the British motor industry produced 157,000 "private" motor cars, of which 28,557 were exported. How will an additional output of, say, 100,000 for the home market be absorbed? The total number of private cars registered at the end of 1927 was 787,000, and it is significant that the increase in the number of registrations in the last four years has been slowing down. The Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders calculated that all incomes between £400 and £2,000 per annum (of which there are 692,586) represented a potential ownership of one car, and all incomes over £2,000 (of which there are some 93,065) a potential ownership of two cars, which gave a saturation point of 878,716. But this calculation does not take into account the number of private cars operated by business firms or allow for the development of the "baby" car. Mr. Henry Ford is offering a complete and efficient car at not much more than "baby" car price. Moreover the cheapness of the Ford car may hasten the scrapping of obsolete used cars and speed up the rate of replenishments. It is therefore dangerous to attempt an estimate of "saturation" point. Mr. Ford's venture will probably appeal to the British and American investors of the speculative type.

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The Burma Corporation, which works the famous silver-lead-zinc mine in Upper Burmah near the Chinese frontier, publishes the most complete reports of any mining company whose shares are quoted on the Stock Exchange. For the year ended June 30th, 1928, the Corporation more than compensated for the low prices prevailing for its principal products by a largely increased output. The average London price last year for this period for refined lead, on which the bulk of its revenue depends, was £21 9s. 6d. per ton as against £28 15s. 7d. per ton in the previous year. As a result of the bigger output the operating profit was increased from £3,071,034 to £3,326,286. On the other hand, the expenses were higher, the net profit being only £38,424 higher. The Burma Corporation is saddled with the large capital of £10,156,266, but if there is good ground for believing that the price of lead will improve, its prospects are much more encouraging. The 10 rupee shares at about 15s. yield $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. net on existing dividends of $7\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. free of British and Indian income tax.

